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MY SISTER MARY.

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'O MOTHER, if sister Mary had been with us to-day, what a good time we should have had ! and old Mr. Osmond, who gave us the cherries, would have been so happy to see her, and——'

'But,' interrupted her mother, 'would *we* not be happy too, if your sister were to return ?'

'O yes, ma, that is what I was going to say, but I could not help thinking how that good old man jumped for joy, when I told him that we had heard from Mary, and that she was well.'

'Well, well, I do not see why he need trouble himself so much about her.'

'I know, ma—it is because she used to read to him in the Bible, and sit and hear him talk. And I love to hear him talk too. He tells about God—says that he is the Father of every body, and that he will always love them.'

'Yes, child, and had it not been for this, Mary would have been with us now, and you might have had her company to-day.'

'I know it, ma—that is what Mary said when she left us. She said she could stay if she would say that what Mr. Osmond had told her, was not true. But you know, ma, that she would *die* first.'

'Well, my child, it is an unpleasant subject, and we had better drop it. I wish as heartily as you or Mr. Osmond or any body else, that Mary would come home.'

This dialogue was uttered by my mother and little Jane, as we used to call her, my youngest sister, after a day's excursion, which, with my sisters, I had taken upon the little bay, whose borders washed my father's farm.

I had just returned home after an absence of about three years, mostly upon the 'wide world of waters,' in search of that for which all are vainly striving to secure happiness—riches. I

had not been at home long, when by request of my sisters, I agreed to accompany them in a pleasure sail which they had planned for the first good day. My eldest sister informed me, that they seldom had been favored with an excursion of the kind in my absence, for want of a suitable person to attend them—especially since my sister Mary had left home, which was nearly a year previous to my return. She being somewhat skilled in the management of such a boat as my father kept, was a very good substitute for one of the other sex. The next morning being very fine, we made ready for our sail, repaired to the shore, which was but a short distance from the house, stepped into the boat, and presently was gliding upon the silver waters, where often

'The live long day I'd plied the oar,
And hummed the song of ancient lore.'

It was a beautiful day. The gentle breeze from the neighboring hills swelled our 'brief canvass' without producing scarcely a ripple on the element on whose surface we sped along with ease and rapidity.

I was transported. Imagine to yourself, kind reader,—or perhaps you may have experienced the same ; and then you can realize the intensity of my feelings—that after an absence of three years,—yea, three *long* years to me, I was again in the same bark, on the same beautiful bay, and more than all, in the same ever dear company with whom I had whiled away many a day of pleasure, and I think I may safely say of profit too. I say of *profit*, because I feel that it has been so : and I believe no one of common sentiments and common feelings, with a mind susceptible of receiving impressions, can long associate with virtuous and intelligent females, without imbibing a measure of their thoughts, and receiving indentures in the mind—though perhaps insensible of the impression, which, like

the impress of the seal upon wax, is never obliterated until by a counteracting influence the stamp is forced from the memory. And when those females are sisters—amiable, affectionate and intelligent, with whom you have lived, and whom you have loved from your youth up—with whom you have roamed in native innocence in the days of childhood's glee—sporting in the brief sunshine of youth—flitting in the little party of congenial souls, where every heart was yours—when such are your companions and associates, it is next to impossible to 'meet and mingle souls,' without thinking as they think and cherishing what they love.

Mine being such a situation, I have many reasons for saying that my association with my sisters has been of important benefit to me. Oft when the harmless bird lay quivering at my feet, having received its death wound by my hand, have my sisters with united voice implored me never to be guilty of such cruelty again. Often has the unconscious worm 'that crawls at evening in the public path,' been preserved from being crushed beneath my foot, by the interference of the same compassionate souls. And when too, profanity escaped from my lips, O, how with one voice, they would appeal to my heart to desist! 'O, brother,' they would say, 'if you have any regard for your sisters' feelings, or respect for your Father in heaven, do not, we beg of you, take the name of your God in vain.'

Yes, reader, such were my sisters; and when wandering far from home and friends, their tender and ardent appeals have come home to my soul with a double force, and saved me many a pang of conscience, which would have followed acts of cruelty or words of profanity. I felt that such had been their influence upon my welfare.

With these emotions, and with the same kind ones for company in a similar excursion as those enjoyed in former days, you may imagine with what delight I gazed upon the little bay and its surrounding scenery.

Hungary bay (for so it is called) makes up into the land from the foot of Lake Ontario, six or eight miles south from Sacket's Harbor; and for beauty is excelled by none I ever saw. It might not appear so to an indifferent spectator. I may be partial in my admiration, from an over-weening fondness in the mind for the scenes of the home of our youth. But certain it is, whether I stand upon its surrounding hills—whether I traverse its ever varying sandy and pebbly

strand, or glide gently upon its smooth surface, I cannot but admire its appearance; and gazing upon its bordering and bosom beauty, exclaim, O, lovely sight! I have sported upon its bank—I have culled the crystalline pebble upon its shore—I have bathed in its limpid waters, and drawn from its bosom, not the 'trout in speckled pride,' but the silver perch and the weighty bass.

Such the place—such the circumstances, and such the company which combined to render this excursion very interesting and pleasant.

We proceeded first to a small island at the mouth of the bay, which from the multitude of wild ducks, that, during the summer season, are continually harboring about it, is called *Duck Island*. It consists of about an acre of land, covered with thick platted wild grass, with a few scattering trees to designate the spot of its existence, which otherwise would scarcely be discernible at a very little distance. Here we stopped a short time, and beneath the wide spreading branches of a venerable looking elm, we reclined on the green carpet of nature, and partook of some refreshment which we had brought with us. Thence we proceeded back to the opposite shore from my father's farm, where resided the old gentleman of whom little Jane spoke at the beginning of my story. He was very much respected by all who knew him. He was remarkable for his hospitable and benevolent spirit—esteemed and venerated for his good sense and many virtues. He had lived at his present residence ever since the first time I was on that shore, for I well remember his giving me fruit when my eldest sister told him that I was her brother.

The old man welcomed us as usual, with a cordiality and politeness of manner which at once spoke the gentleman and the kindness of his heart. He invited us to partake of his cherries, of which he had a very plentiful growth. I spoke of the abundance with which his trees were laden, and the superior quality of the fruit.

'Yes,' said he, 'the Lord is very bountiful. He has sustained me, and given every needed blessing; and though he has seen fit in his providence to chasten me, yet I know it is for my good, and I praise my God.'

Yes, I replied, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;' and he does it 'for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness.'

'What do I hear,' exclaimed the old man—the very voice of your sister Mary !'

Here his utterance was stopped—The tears trickled down his aged cheeks, and the faint 'God bless her,' was sighed half audibly from his heart, which told that no ordinary emotion weighed down upon his soul. I knew that my sister occupied his thoughts, and was confident that she was in some way connected with his present sorrow ; and I resolved in mind, so soon as we should depart for home, to ask a relation of facts from my oldest sister, in reference to Mary's departure.

The old man soon again recovered himself, and apologized for his weakness, as he called it, by saying—'We are all frail beings—creatures of passion, and subject to sunshine and showers.'

He continued, 'my depression and sorrow at this time was occasioned by the familiar sound of your voice, which reminded me of the last time these poor old eyes were blessed with a sight of your sister Mary. I was telling what regret I felt at the thought of her leaving—what sorrow and grief her absence would cause me ; for then I should have no one to read to me from that blessed book, from whose pages I draw sweet consolation, and whose promises cheer my sinking spirits ; but that I should be obliged to roam a lonely being upon these shores, where I had spent many a holy hour with her in pleasing converse upon the subject nearest my heart—religion. And as I was proceeding in my despondency, she quoted the same heavenly words which you just recited. The cherries too, were then ripe, and though she was very fond of them, her bursting heart would not allow her to taste one.

'O, Robert,' exclaimed he, 'I have had many trials, and severe ones in my journey through this life. I have followed three loved children to the grave—I have buried the fourth, an only son, long ago in my imagination, beneath the waves of the Atlantic—I have watched the lamp of my life go out—I saw its last flickerings in the socket extinguished, to be revived on earth no more forever—even my bosom companion, whose life was dearer than my own poor existence : and yet, in all this, I could brush the falling tear. For when all were gone, no one but myself was left to suffer. I knew that the dear departed ones had gone to be awaked to enjoy the sunshine of everlasting love from the pure fount of God's benignity. But when Mary told

me her trials—in her own father's house too—that it was in consequence of the blessed doctrine which I had opened her eyes to see—more than all, that she was compelled to leave her father's dwelling, and be permitted to see me no more at present, if ever—and when she entreated me in the voice of an angel, to console myself, for the Lord had done it, that it would work together for good ; while the sighs from her tender heart seemed ready to overpower her, then it was, if ever, that I felt in the least unreconciled to the providence of the Controller of all events. May God in his mercy forgive me.'

After a little pause, he resumed—'I suppose you have heard all, and I will not trouble you with what will only tend to call up disagreeable feelings, and mar your present enjoyment.'

I assured him that any thing relating to my sister Mary would be very thankfully received ; but as the relation would only harrow up his own feelings, I would not urge him to the account.

Here we dropped the conversation about my sister, and the discourse turned to myself. I related to him a brief account of my wanderings, —my voyages—recounted my adventures and discoveries, and narrated anecdotes, until the old gentleman became quite animated and cheerful.

My sisters, who had been gathering cherries to take back with us, now came and reminded me that it was time we were on our way home. I was very glad that they were ready. I was anxious to go, for I had become so much excited from what Mr. Osmond had said concerning Mary, that I intended to get an immediate recital of the affair from my sister.

We soon set out, and agreeably to my resolution, I began the subject of Mary's absence.

'I noticed,' said Adaline, my oldest sister, 'that Mr. Osmond and you were engaged in conversation about Mary. What did he say ? I suppose he told you all.'

I answered her, that he had not told me much, but enough, however, to give me reason to believe that Mary had been persecuted and abused, and I had no doubt, if she would give me the account, it would corroborate my suspicions ; and also that I had resolved to defend Mary, and endeavor to effect a reconciliation. I therefore begged her to proceed. To this she agreed ; but asked the privilege of a preface, to which I readily assented, provided it was not lengthy. She assured me that it should be short, and as

the sun was approaching the horizon, the narration must likewise be brief.

'I admire you,' said Adaline, as she commenced, 'for the resolve to take up the side of Mary, for she is a noble girl. You know how we all liked her—she was so independent, and yet so condescending. But I fear, Robert, that the sentiment which she has of late imbibed, is of a ruinous character. I tried all in my power to convince her that she was wrong—but, dear me, she would quote more scripture to prove her opinions, than I supposed it possible for one to learn in a lifetime. It is astonishing! Some passages she would recite too, which I had not thought were in the Bible, till she showed them to me.'

But notwithstanding she had embraced such errors, she was not led away from her duty. Indeed, she seemed to be better and more kind than ever. She was so sincere and so earnest, that I was afraid to converse with her, for fear that I should be influenced to depart from the faith.

You know, Robert, that before you went away, we were in the practice of taking excursions similar to the one which we have had to-day, and hardly ever failed to call upon old Mr. Osmond, as we have done this time. You know the old gentleman used to be very happy to see us, and would talk much, and generally upon the subject of religion. But in all he said, he seemed to be very pious, and I never once suspected that his religion was different from our own. To be sure, I had never heard him declare his belief in endless misery, as I had frequently heard from our minister and from our father, yet I presume none of us ever guessed that he believed in an universal happiness. His character was so different from any thing we had ever heard in regard to the influence of that system, that we had no reasons for supposing that he cherished that sentiment. He was so charitable to every body—so kind and benevolent, and his conversation was so interesting, and engrossed our attention so entirely, that I believe he would have led us all into his faith, had we continued to visit him.

Well, after you left us, Mary did continue to visit him, and much oftener than before. She was so much attached to his company and discourse, that she would venture out many days when none but herself dare go, for the boisterous winds.

We observed that she became very serious, and more than usually attentive to the Bible, and

occasionally we would rally her upon the subject. She always replied very pleasantly, and often made no other return than to recite a passage of scripture which she supposed applicable.

Thus she continued a number of weeks. At length, one day, having made the old man a visit, she returned at an earlier hour than usual. I observed by her countenance, when she came in, that she was more than usually animated. We were in the sitting room when she entered, and without taking a seat she exclaimed, 'my last objection is obviated. It is true, mother, we shall *all* be saved!'

Why, Robert, if a person had entered our presence, and asserted that we were *all* to be murdered, the shock could not have been greater.

As soon as we had a little recovered from our surprise, our mother inquired where she had been.

She answered, that she had been over to Mr. Osmond's to carry her only remaining objection against the final happiness of all mankind, founded on Jude 7th verse. 'I wish to know,' said our mother, 'how it has happened that you have been so silent upon the subject of your investigations with Mr. Osmond, that no one has known any thing about it, until now? For I understand by your expression, that your *last* objection is obviated, that you have carried other objections for solution. Is it not so?'

'I do not wish to conceal any thing from you,' replied Mary, 'and the reason why I have been so long silent upon this subject, is, because I was afraid I should be questioned respecting the doctrine, and not be able to defend myself. I frankly confess that I have frequently and freely conversed with Mr. Osmond, and I thank God for the light I have received from his instructions, and by his explanation of texts which I before thought proof of the final wo of a part of the human family. I have abundant reasons, my mother and sisters, for blessing the day which first gave me an introduction to that man, of whom my sisters can find no fault, but many virtues and an unblemished character.'

This was true. We were acquainted with him, and we knew that what Mary had said concerning his character was correct.

Our mother again spoke. 'My child, the doctrine which you pretend to have embraced, is one which will not only ruin your soul, but I fear it will banish you from our house forever, if you persist in holding it. You know your fath-

er's aversion to any innovation upon his religious opinion. You have heard him express his sentiments in relation to his children ever becoming advocates of a different faith, especially that of Universalism; and I have not the shadow of a doubt, from a thorough knowledge of his decided disposition, that he will put in execution his oft repeated determination, that a Universalist child could not reside under the same roof with himself. I leave you to reflect upon your situation, and I hope you will repent of your folly.'

She arose just as Mary commenced speaking, and without waiting to hear her, left the room.

I was almost stupified. I had never before seen so much sternness and severity in our mother, though as you well know, it was common with our father to be austere in communication. But Mary all this while was as calm as the beautiful bay on which we now float. And as our mother closed the door, she turned to us, and very composedly said—'Is it so? I did not think it possible. I thought all hearts would unite with me in praising God for the scheme of salvation revealed by our Redeemer for the benefit of a dying world—I anticipated a union of souls in reading and contemplating the "glad tidings of great joy" which are brought to light by the gospel of the Savior, who "gave himself for all to be testified in due time." I thought when a God of *impartial* love was seen on the throne of the universe, swaying the sceptre of eternal goodness and mercy, all hearts would join with me in full concert of praise to Jehovah, for his wonderful works to the children of men.' 'But,' said she, lowering her voice, for she had become] considerably animated, 'Mr. Osmond told me it would be so. He said he had long been acquainted with human nature, and that where prejudice and superstition were deep rooted, it was beyond human power, in most instances, to divest humanity of their deleterious influence. And he further told me, in substance, what our mother just stated—that our father would not permit me to remain under his roof. I told him that he did injustice to our father—that I could not think that he would so far depart from the principles of christianity, as to be guilty of such an act towards a child, merely for an honest difference of opinion; but that I was ready to make any sacrifice for the cause of my heavenly Master. Yes, and before you, my dear sisters, I make the same assertion. God

knows the sincerity of my heart. If my father upon earth frown, I have a Father in heaven who will ever smile upon me when in the way of duty. If my father in the flesh turn me a wanderer from his house and from his home, I am assured that I have a friend and protector in the 'Father of the spirits of all flesh,' who has prepared a 'house not made with hands eternal in the heavens,' for the everlasting home of the children of humanity.' 'And,' she continued with much tenderness, but firmly, 'though I love my father, and respect him as my friend and guardian, yet I *love God more*, and have more regard to his truth, than for the frowns or smiles of an earthly parent.'

She ceased. I was completely confounded. If an angel should descend from above and stand upon these silver waters on which we are now gliding, and should reiterate the same words, they would not, I believe, produce such an overwhelming effect as they did from Mary's mouth. For I was wholly unprepared to hear such a flow of words from so reserved a person as she had always been. I almost doubted her sanity, and was about to make some remarks on what I supposed to be her lately received supernatural gift, when she again spoke, and said—'Come, sisters, I think we had better leave this subject for the present. I see your confusion, which is probably occasioned by the warmth with which I have addressed you, but let us say no more about it until morning, and then, if our mother sees fit to inform our father of what has happened, we shall be likely to hear more.'

We passed the remainder of the evening in the usual manner. Supper came, and we repaired to our evening meal. I noticed a slight confusion in the face of our mother, but nothing could be seen in the countenance of our father, which indicated any unusual emotion, and I was confident that he was yet ignorant of what had transpired relative to Mary. This comparatively composed me, and I was enabled to make a tolerable meal which, from the state of my feelings, I supposed it impossible to do, when I took my place at the table.

Supper done, we returned to the sitting room, where we spent the time as agreeably as could be expected under similar circumstances, until the time of retiring. We then went to our several apartments; but sleep fled from my eyes, and slumber from my eyelids, during the greater part of the night: and when I did close my

eyes for a moment, the form of Mary was before me—the sound of her voice was in my ears, which soon waked me, and showed me that it was all a dream.

Morning came at length, and I arose full of fearful apprehensions that our father would proceed against Mary with still more severity than our mother had used towards her the evening before. I hastily clad myself and descended to the room where our mother and sisters were assembled the previous evening. You may guess my feelings when I found the whole group there before me, and in tears. I at once divined the cause. Our father, on being informed that Mary had embraced Universalism, had sent her word, that the quicker she left the house the better it would be for her, if she did not immediately renounce the heresy.

Our mother's affection was so strong and ardent, that it took possession of her heart in spite of her creed, and she could not bear the thought of parting with a child under such circumstances. Therefore, after Mary expressed to her the same readiness to go at the bidding of her father, which she had to us the night before, and with such firmness and sincerity declared her full and joyful belief in the inexhaustible love of Jehovah, she said she would talk with our father and try to persuade him to let her remain. She did so; but it only displeased him the more, to think that our mother was encouraging Mary in the heresy, by her intercessions with him for her stay. 'No heretic,' said he, 'shall long abide in my house, and you may inform her that important business out of town to-day, prevents my immediately dismissing her; and that I shall wait upon her in person to-morrow, and if she does not before that time repent of this sin, and wipe away the disgrace which its introduction has already caused, that I will then shut the door upon her forever, until repentance and confession of her crime shall bring her back humble at my feet.'

Suffice it to say, the morrow came, and our father, agreeably to his message, entered the room where we all were assembled. But he found Mary as firm as yonder rock upon the shore, and yet as pleasant as the setting sun which smiles on us at this moment from the western horizon. Never, methinks, was mortal more calm since the days of our Savior, than she; or voice more lovely since the song of triumph which angels chanted upon the plains of

Judea, than hers, when answering the questions of our father respecting her present faith. She readily replied to every question, and if its nature would admit, she quoted a text to corroborate her answer. This so disconcerted him that his confusion was very visible. She told him the same in substance, which she did us, as I have related—that she loved him, but that she loved her God and her Savior more. Said she, 'I would rather give up father and mother, brother and sisters, houses and lands, and all the sublimary enjoyments which this world can afford, than to surrender the precious truth, that you, my beloved father, and my tender mother, and affectionate sisters, and every human being that ever did, does now, or ever will exist upon the footstool of our God, will ultimately share in the grace and goodness of the Lord, who will have mercy, and of our God who will abundantly pardon. But I suppose, my father, from what I have heard, that I cannot live with you any longer if I adhere to this sentiment.'

'From what I have heard,' replied he, 'you are no longer worthy to remain with me. I did not come here to listen to a sermon. My time is of too much importance to be spent in listening to one who has forfeited every claim to a parent's superintendence and protection. What I wish to know is, whether you intend to renounce that licentious and soul ruining doctrine of Universalism, or to leave my house. One or the other you must do.'

'My dear father, you have always, heretofore, been kind to me—you have supported and protected me, for which I thank you, and would do any thing to oblige you, which it is consistent for me to do, or reasonable for a parent to ask; but I cannot until I am convinced of error, confess that I am wrong. I can leave you, my father, but I cannot forsake my God. No. If it were a case of life or death, give me the latter with the hopes of the gospel which I now entertain, rather than the former with all the gaudy subterfuge which a vain and fleeting world is able to confer. I know your commands, and they shall be obeyed. You need have no fears that I shall transgress them.' He replied not, but left the room in silence. Whether anger, despair or grief filled his bosom I am unable to say—perhaps all. He has not mentioned Mary's name in the hearing of any of us since, and what his mind now is in regard to her I cannot tell. Mary went from us the same afternoon, and we

have not seen her since. She went to our aunt who resides in Vermont, by whom she was kindly received. You shall see the letters which we have from time to time received from her, in which you will learn that she is made comfortable by the kindness and generosity of her guardian aunt; and that she has, ever since her departure, remained as steadfast and unmovable as the rock of ages, in the belief which she learned by visiting Mr. Osmond.'

Thus ended my sister Adaline's narrative. We had reached the shore. The day was far gone, the last glimmerings of the sun shone upon the hills, and we hastened home. With the exception of what little Jane and my mother said, with which the reader is already acquainted, very little conversation was held. I for one, was too much engrossed in contemplation to admit my colloquial powers their usual license. The treatment of my absent sister, her unequalled mildness of temper when severity and abuse were heaped upon her, and her christian firmness when threatened to be turned a homeless wanderer from her father's house, all combining, threw over me a train of deep thought, of which I could not well, nor indeed willingly divest myself.

Was it possible that a parent, possessed of that kindness and affection which I had always supposed my father to possess, could thus act towards a child? Could prejudice—could any thing alienate a parent so entirely from his child, as he seemed to be from Mary? And did *religion* exert such an influence? With these, and a hundred other similar queries rushing into my mind, I soon found my way to my apartment.

I however came to this conclusion, although I then was not confirmed in my present faith, yet was convinced that my father was wrong—I concluded that he was influenced in his conduct towards my sister, from the belief that his religion required it of him—that it was his duty. And at this time, whilst I am penning by-gone transactions, I look back upon those scenes, and my mind instinctively recoils at the idea, that my father was actuated by any other than the dictates of honest conviction that he was doing right.

I went to bed, and lay in a wakeful, thoughtful mood until near morning, when I sunk into a dreamy slumber, in which a vague repetition of all I had heard during the day flitted across my imagination. I thought also, that I saw my fa-

ther reduced to beggary, and thence, by the timely interference of Mary, raised to a respectable standing in society.

I awoke late in the morning and arose. The sun shone as brightly into my window as in former days. I looked out upon the fields—every thing wore a similar appearance as formerly. The golden harvest spread its inviting face full before me, as if to beckon the reaper's approach. The plentifully laden fruit trees bending to the green earth—the frisking lamb and sober ox in perfect harmony tasting nature's food, and slaking their thirst from the purling rivulet that bounded from an adjacent hill, chasing its headlong course down the declivity, till at length it found its meandering way along the beautiful and gently sloping plain that lay in full view before me—all wore a semblance of former gaiety and loveliness. I wondered at myself when gazing upon this scene, that it had not attracted my attention before. Beneath the window too, from which my lingering vision still gazed, was the flower garden of my sisters. It was lovely. I had with my own hands assisted them in planting and cultivating it; and I could now see before me many a choice plant which I had obtained from neighboring towns, placed there, and nourished with all the care which strong affection for sisters could inspire in a brother's heart. All were there—all bloomed in loveliness as in years gone by, except a bed of violets, which I had planted for Mary, and which she had cultured and cherished, and particularly, after my departure from home, had attended assiduously—and she was well awarded for her care by a bountiful growth of the first flower of the spring. But where now was the 'flower of modesty?' I saw it not. I could barely discover that the bed was there, and a few plants, but not a flower. What could be the reason? I hastened down, and with Adaline repaired to the garden. I led her along until we came to the flower bed of Mary. I pointed to it in silence. I was understood. My sister informed me that from the time of, or soon after Mary's departure, her violet bed had ceased to bloom—that many and persevering efforts had been used, but all in vain. They lingered—they drooped—they bloomed not! It was curious—very remarkable.

We had not been out long when breakfast was announced. We went in and found the family waiting. I ate but little, for my excitement was

so great that I had no appetite. I sounded my father a little respecting Mary, but he would say nothing except give some monosyllabic responses in such a style as admonished me that it was a subject any thing than pleasant to him.

I returned to my room, sat down and wrote a hasty letter to my sister, in which I informed her of my return, inquired relative to the situation of affairs as I had found them, and requested an immediate answer.

During the twelve following days I made little excursions with my sisters, visited neighbors and friends, and sought every opportunity to gain information in regard to Mary. All I could learn was in agreement with my sister's account. Some, to be sure, said that she was served just right, that they would have done the same; but generally they favored her. I sought every advisable time, to broach the subject to my father. I used every argument I was master of—I entreated—implored—begged that he would restore my sister, but with no other effect than to draw out a threat, that I should be considered as heretical as herself, if I did not cease my importunities.

The thirteenth day after I wrote to Mary, I received her answer, which corroborated the statements I had already received. It breathed a spirit of kindness and charity throughout. She was well, and had established herself in a school which had been procured by our aunt's influence, and from which she realized an ample support.

I had done all I could to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. I knew not what more I could do, and I determined to leave the place which was now calculated to inspire unpleasant feelings, and retire to some secluded part of the country, and settle in life.

Accordingly the next day, amidst the tears and embraces of my mother and sisters, I left the home of my youth—the house of my father—the scene of my juvenile rambles and sports, which I have not seen since. * * * *

Ten years have passed since the above scenes transpired. I have this day received the following letter from my father.

'MY DEAR SON,—When I look back upon former days, and reflect upon my life when an abundance of this world's goods flowed in from every quarter—when happiness invited me to partake of her treasures and be at peace, I won-

der that I could have followed that path, and pursued that course, which so effectually led to the depths of degradation and misery, from which I have been raised by the very hand that might in justice have spurned me from her door. Yes, your sister Mary, my treatment of whom you well know, has saved me from the beggar's death and drunkard's grave.

You remember the circumstances under which you left my house in H——. I continued my usual routine of business for three years, when I entered the lumbering business with a number of my neighbors, and the two subsequent years realized a handsome profit. The third year we engaged more extensively than we had done before. For like most speculating spirits, we were not satisfied by doing *well*, but were desirous of doing *better*. Accordingly we entered so largely in the traffic, that some of the company became involved and dissatisfied, and I purchased all the shares but one, which involved me considerable. My only partner now was Mr. G——, a very pious man as I then thought, a member of our church, and of course, was not to be suspected of dishonesty. With him I entrusted the care and disposal of the lumber. To be short, he went with it down the river to Montreal, sold it, took the money and decamped! leaving me to settle with the creditors; which took every cent of my property, and left me a bankrupt. Thus went my property, and with it all regard for religion. I had been deceived and defrauded by a man who, as I supposed, had religion if any one ever possessed it, and I became a disbeliever in every form of christianity—in fact, a decided hater of the very name of religion. But I will not trouble you with a history of my downward career. Suffice it, that it was rapid and nearly fatal. The drunkard's cup was oft raised to my lips—the sacred name of God was bandied by my polluted tongue—the sot's degradation and the drunkard's misery became my inheritance. I was heedless of duty—regardless of entreaties, and abhorred by all. The consequence was, that a miserable habitation became our abode—a scanty pittance with which to sustain nature, our store—tattered and threadbare garments which we once threw aside as nothing worth, our only apparel. Your sisters were all married and gone, and none left with me but your mother. She bore our misfortune with patience. My debasing practices lessened not her assiduity towards me—she calmly entreated—sorrowfully

bowed to the providence of God, and resignedly continued her duty as a good woman and an affectionate wife.

During my degradation a young man had purchased my old farm which I had been obliged to dispose of to pay creditors. But it was a matter of perfect indifference to me who had bought the farm—I knew not, nor cared whether it was in the hand of friends or foes—all was alike to me. Misery had taken undisputed possession of my soul.

It was in the month of May last, one morning as your mother and I were sitting at our poor repast, that a little lad about five years old came into our miserable hut, and in a very pretty manner said: 'Pa wants you to come to our house this morning.' I inquired where his father lived, and what was his name. He said his name was Henry Osmond, and described his place of residence so that I knew it could be no other than the one who had purchased my old farm. I told the boy that I would accompany him soon, but I could not imagine the purpose for which I was sent. It was nearly half a mile from the village in which we then resided, and I never had been employed by any one out of the village. I concluded, however, that he wished some information about the farm, or fruit trees, or something appertaining to the possessions, and knowing me to be the former owner, thought I could give the desired knowledge. Accordingly I accompanied the lad home. I met the boy's father at the door. He was of a manly form, open countenance, and a very intelligent expression. He very politely invited me to walk in. I entered, and was shown into the sitting room, where our family used to assemble when it was mine. My feelings were acute. Past scenes rushed into my mind. Memory shot as it were like lightning to the transactions of former years, and none came in more vivid gleams than my treatment to your sister Mary. Mr. Osmond perceived my agitation, and purposely engaged me in conversation. We had not discoursed long, when a lady came in, who was introduced as Mrs. Osmond. She inquired about my health and family, and conversed very sociably for some time, and in such a familiar manner as to surprise me; for no one had spoken thus to me of late. I thought it very strange. I discovered too, as she proceeded, that she was greatly agitated. I looked up at her, and as she turned her face in full view to me, and threw back the ringlet of

hair that hung over each side of her forehead, good heavens! it was Mary—my injured, abused child!

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. They were all that shame and confusion, sorrow and joy combined, could produce. I was in the very room from which I had turned her a houseless wanderer. It was then mine—now hers, and myself a degraded, abandoned, wretched man! She threw herself into my unworthy arms, and wept like a child. Nothing was said by either, respecting former scenes. She disengaged herself, and said her husband had made provision for me and her mother to take up her abode with them, if we would. I hastened home, and informed your mother, but she thought it was 'too good news to be true.' She was not obliged, however, long to depend upon my statement alone; for Mary soon followed my steps, and was in the open arms of your mother, before either of them had spoken a word to the other. All a mother's tenderness and a good child's affection was there. It needed no words to interpret their respective emotions.

We now reside with Mary, and are happy. Old affairs are forgiven, and as far as possible, forgotten. I have been convinced, that there is a wide difference between religion and a false show of piety—that pure and undefiled religion consists in doing good—in visiting the fatherless and widow in their afflictions, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the pollutions of the world. I am now a believer in christianity—in *religion* instead of the creeds of men.

Your affectionate father,

CHARLES H——D.'

Appended to the above was a note from Mary, testifying to it—that my father had really become reformed—was a good man, and a hearty believer in the faith once delivered to the saints—that my other sisters were well married, and resided in a distant part of the country—that her husband was the son of old Mr. Osmond across the bay, who had supposed he was drowned—that the circumstances attending her marriage were very curious, but too lengthy for an epistle—together with the sad news, that the good old man, her father in law, (in whom the reader I think, must be deeply interested) who had first shown her the light and beauty of the gospel as she now viewed it, after being favored with a sight of his long lost son, and of me—and more

than all, that his Henry was joined to the very person of all the world, which he would have selected for him, exclaimed like the aged Simeon, 'Now let thou thy servant depart in peace,' and calmly fell asleep in Jesus. She closed her note by saying, that the old man had put a very interesting manuscript into her hands, containing a brief account of his life—his trials—his conversion from the faith of his fathers, to that of the one living and true God, and extended it to the time of her settlement with his son, where they now reside; and she earnestly requested me to visit her in the fall, and see her violet bed, which I planted for her, in full bloom. I think I shall go, and if I gather any thing in my journey, which will be interesting to you, patient reader, I will certainly transmit it to the Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

ROBERT.

Leyden, N. Y., Aug. 1836.

ALBUM TRIBUTES.—NO. III.

Original.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE HEART.

THERE'S nature in the sparkling eye—

There's beauty in the smile—

While grace around the features, sports,

In harmony, the while,

Of some fair face, whose living lines,

The canvass, or, the print enshrines.

But, though the eye, the smile, the grace,

Portray the painter's care,

And prove that he has stamped the truth,

Of well known features there,

There's that, which vies with all such art,

It is—THE PORTRAIT OF THE HEART.

'The portrait of the heart !' methinks,

I hear some querist say—

'The portrait of the heart, and what,

May that be, sir, I pray ?'

'Tis nothing more—composed of nought,

Than Friendship's pure and sincere thought.

'Tis simple, yet, 'tis lovely, too ;

'Tis cheap, and yet a prize—

'Tis plain, and yet it far exceeds,

The artist's proud device ;

Save this, I can no cause impart—

It is—THE PORTRAIT OF THE HEART.

D. J. M.

Westbrook, Me., 1836.

EVIDENCES OF MAN'S FUTURE EXISTENCE.
NO. II.

Original.

SECTION I.

ON THE UNIVERSAL PREVALENCE OF THE BELIEF
IN HUMAN IMMORTALITY.

THE proposition to be maintained in this section is, *That the fact of the universal prevalence of a belief in man's immortality, is presumptive evidence of future existence, and strong proof of it.*

Among the ancients, the belief of man's continued existence, subsequent to the dissolution of the body, uniformly prevailed. It was maintained by the Egyptians, Scythians, Celts, Druids, Assyrians, and all the ancient nations of whose opinions we have any account. It is true, there was a great variety in their opinions relative to a future state; but however diverse their opinions in this respect, they all agree in the fact of a future existence.

The future existence believed in by the Egyptians was a mere metempsychosis. They 'believed, that, at the death of men, their souls transmigrated into other human bodies; and that if they had been vicious, they were imprisoned in the bodies of unclean or ill conditioned beasts, to expiate in them their past transgressions; and that after a revolution of some centuries, they again animated other human bodies.* 'The ancient Scythians believed that death was only a change of habitation† to the human race, together with some other nations.

The ancient nations in the East, were divided into two sects, from very early times; the worshippers of images, and the worshippers of fire. The first were called Sabians, and the other Magians.‡ The Magia were the prevailing sect in Babylonia, Media, Assyria, and Persia. They believed there were two supreme first causes, light, the author of all good, and darkness, the author of all evil. They maintained there was a perpetual struggle between these two principles, for the supremacy, which would continue to the end of the world, without affording success to either. At this time they supposed there would be a general resurrection of the dead, and each

* Rollins' Ancient History, 8vo., N. Y., 1825, Vol. I. p. 114.

† Dick's Philosophy of the Future State, p. 18.

‡ Prideaux's Connexions, Vol. I., Baltimore edit. 8vo., 1833, p. 172.

individual of our race would undergo a judicial examination, and the Prince of Light, with his adherents, and the Prince of Darkness with his, would each be assigned to directly opposite worlds, where the struggle would cease, and each rule his own dominion without end, unmolested by the other.* This doctrine was the foundation of the christian sect of Manichians, which gave so much trouble to the church for many centuries,† and retains no small share of influence at the present time, among Christians. The same sect prevails in India and Persia at the present day, without any variation of doctrine.

The Celts believed in an invisible world, where men would exist after death, seated in the clouds.‡ There is not a nation or tribe, of whose religious opinions we have any account, in all the ancient world, but that have some idea of an existence after death. It is a belief which universally prevailed.

That this is the fact appears from the poetry of the ancients. The imagery of all popular poetry has, and must have its foundation in the popular belief, or it would be unintelligible to the people, or spurned as impious. Hence this is the best of proof as to the opinions of the great mass of the community whence it emanates. How much of the imagery of ancient poetry is derived from a future state, and founded on the popular belief of that state! Turn to the poetry of Homer, and you will read of Ulysses' descent into hades, where he saw Minos, the judge of hades, seated in its shades, distributing justice to the dead, who were assembled around him in companies. The same scene is described by Virgil, in his description of Æneas' descent through a cave into the 'empire of souls'§ There he saw

Poritor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet; stant lumina flamma;
Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.
Ipse ratem conto subigit, velisque ministrat,
Et feruquinea subvectat corpora cymba;
Jam senior, sed cruda deo vividisque senectus.||

Quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum

* Rollins, Vol. I., p. 398.

† Murdock's Translation of Mosheim's Ecl. History, Vol. I., p. 234.

‡ Good's Book of Nature, p. 335.

§ Æneid, Book VI. 264.

|| Æneid, Book VI. 298.

Conciliumque vocat, vitasque et crimina discit.*

Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.
Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.†

For the want of a better, we subjoin an awkward translation of our own, for the benefit of those who do not read latin, begging of critics to be as merciful as possible. It is literal—its only merit :

The horrid ferryman, Charon, terrible from filth,
Guards these waters and rivers; whose thick gray
hair,
On his chin, neglected lies; his eyes of flame stand
out,
And knotted, from his shoulders, hangs a filthy
dress.
With a pole, he guides that iron colored boat, now
old,
Supplies its sails, and ferries bodies over the waves—
While to the god, belong a fresh and green old age.

The inquisitor, Minos, moves the urn, and of silent
shades
Convokes a council, to learn their lives and crimes.

He admires afar off, the shadowy arms & chariots;
Spears standing fixed in the earth, and horses loosed,
Strolling the plains, grazing the mimic ground.
The love of horses they had while living,
And care of chariots, remain while buried in the
earth.

Now all this must have had its foundation in the popular mind, or it would have been without effect, and it distinctly recognizes a future state of existence. On this idea it is based. In the second book of Ossian's Fingal, we find the same ideas as in the last paragraph of the above from Virgil.

In the Alcestis of Euripides, we find Admetus contemplating an union with his wife, in a future state.

'If Orpheus' voice and wondrous song were mine,
That Ceres' daughter and her mighty lord
Subduing by the magic of my strain,
I might from hades bring thee to the day,
I would descend, and neither Pluto's dog,
Nor Charon at the oar, the guide of ghosts,
Should hold me, ere I sped thee back to life.
But since I may not, wait my coming there

* Æneid, Book VI. 432.

† Æneid, Book VI. 651.

WHEN I SHALL DIE ;—AND HAVE A HOME PREPARED
THAT WE MAY DWELL TOGETHER IN THAT WORLD.*

The doctrine of future existence must have been distinctly recognized, and formed a part of the popular belief, among a people where such a scene forms a part of a drama, composed for the stage, and of course for popular applause. It is needless to adduce more proof, to show that this doctrine was received by the great mass of people in ancient times. No man of intelligence, who is at all acquainted with the classics or ancient history, will question the truth of our position.

But this opinion was by no means confined to unenlightened barbarians, or an ignorant, superstitious, unthinking multitude. It was not a superstition limited to the lowest orders of the people in the enlightened nations of antiquity ; but it was the most firmly believed by some of the wisest and best of men. It was the most profound thinkers, and the most virtuous men who were the most devoted advocates for man's immortality. It is true there was a wide difference in the opinions of the philosophers and the common people, relative to a future state ; but they all agree in the thing itself. The former rejected the popular fables relative to that world, and entertained opinions differing with the latter in many other respects. The Vedas of the Brahmans place their belief of future existence on the immortality of the soul—an emanation from the divinity, the great soul of the universe, to which it is to return. The inhabitants of Idumea based their belief of an hereafter existence in a resurrection of the body ; that is, the learned among them.† The Greek philosophers for the most part maintained the immortality of the soul as the basis of future existence, and reprobated the doctrine of a resurrection of the body.‡

Of the philosophers who attempted to reason upon this subject, and were desirous of abiding the result of their own arguments, we may name Socrates, Plato, and Epicurus, as the most noted. The former of these was the most consistent and unwavering believer in future existence. When he took the poisoned cup, to which he had been condemned by his ungrateful country, he told his friends who were weeping around him, 'I draw confidence from the hope that

something of man remains after death, and that the state of the good will be much better than that of the bad.*

As we approach the times of our Savior, many changes appear to have been effected in the opinions of mankind, particularly within the precincts of the Roman empire, relative to this doctrine. The belief of this doctrine seems to have been weakened to an extraordinary degree, at this time, from some cause or other. There were some whole sects of religionists and philosophers, who denied it altogether, and even those who adhered thereto seem to have entertained very confused, if not absurd ideas of that state. We see this proved in the case of the Pharisees, who supposed the same relations subsist hereafter as in the present world.† Of religionists who denied a future existence, we may name the Sadducees.‡ Among the philosophers, those who had too much sense to believe the fooleries of paganism, and not wisdom enough to distinguish between religion and its abuses, denied all religion, and turned it into ridicule.§ Still, these were few, when compared with those who maintained this doctrine. They were but an exception to a general rule, and therefore are not to be taken into the account in this argument.

The same universal prevalence of a belief in an hereafter existence, obtains in modern as ancient times. There is no nation or tribe of men, however sunk in barbarism, but have some idea of a life beyond this present world, and its belief forms a part of their religious creed. If there is an exception to this, which has never yet been sufficiently established by evidence, it consists merely of those tribes or small clans of barbarians, residing near the North Pole, or the extremities of the South, who are scarce one remove above the brute creation, in intellectual powers. Such examples, surely, are but a sorry foundation for an argument, contradicted by all the rest of the world. Any cause must be a bad one, that is driven to such a source for proof.|| Go to the Society Islands, and you will hear them talk of a conscious existence after death. To the Friendly Islands, and they will

* Good's Book of Nature, p. 338.

† Matt. xxii. 30.

‡ Ibid. verse 23.

§ Rollins' Ancient History, Vol. I., p. 37.

|| Spectator, No. 389 ; where this argument is rendered sufficiently ridiculous.

* North American Review, April 1836, p. 380.

† Good's Book of Nature, p. 333.

‡ Ibid. 334.

tell you of the immortality of the soul, and its blissful abode in a distant country. To the New Zealanders, and they will tell you of the heart's separating from the corpse of the dead, and being carried by a divinity to the clouds. Visit the Kalmuc Tartars, the Samoicedians of Northern Tartary, the Birmans, and they will tell you of their hope of happiness after death.* If we go to Africa, that much abused country, we shall find ideas of a future state conformable to the laws of our nature.† All the tribes of that country which embrace the Mohammedan faith, believe this doctrine, either by a resurrection of the body, or through the immortality of the soul, as is the case with this sect everywhere.‡

Thus you see, the doctrine of man's existence beyond the grave has been and now is believed, not only by those who enjoy the light of Christianity, philosophers, and the most cultivated portions of our race, but by the most untutored tribes of men. It is a universal idea, and prevails among all men one remove from the brute creation, in intellectual capacity. However widely they may differ in their religious opinions—though they disagree in almost every article of religious belief—yet here is the most perfect harmony.

'Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way—
Yet simple nature, to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold !—
And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.'§

Whence this universal belief in man's immortality ? No effect can exist without a cause. No opinion can prevail without some adequate cause for its origin. Whence the origin of this wide spread belief ? To what source is it to be referred ? There are but *three* sources to which it can be ascribed. 1. To an original revelation of God, handed down from generation to genera-

tion, and thus diffused among all races of men. 2. To an innate sentiment impressed upon the human soul, by its Creator. 3. To the deductions of reason. We can conceive of no other origin, than one of these, as possible. Which-ever we adopt, will involve us in inextricable difficulties and absurdities, if we deny the doctrine of man's existence after death.

If it is ascribed to the *first*, then God is its author, and it confirms the christian revelation, which 'brings life and immortality to light ; and of course every one, who refers it to this origin, must regard it as an indisputable truth.

If it is to be attributed to the *second*, then its belief is a law of our nature—a part of our original constitution ;—consequently its origin is to be referred to the same source as the first—to our Creator. If this be its origin, we are as utterly inexcusable in its rejection, as we should be in denying our own existence. It is denying our own consciousness.

If it is to be traced to the *third*, then it proves the evidence God has fixed in nature, in its favor, is so clear and convincing, that it has forced conviction upon the minds of the most unthinking. If this be its origin, what excuse can those offer for its rejection, who profess to be guided, in religious matters, solely by reason ? If it is referred to reason, and we reject it, we reduce ourselves, in mental stupidity, below the most benighted savages ; for they adopt and derive comfort from it in trouble and the prospect of death.

The universal prevalence of a belief in a Supreme Intelligence, a governing power in the universe is considered a good argument for that truth, upon the principle laid down by Cicero. 'In every thing, the consent of all nations is to be accounted the law of nature, and to resist it, is to resist the voice of God.' So far as this argument is concerned, both the existence of God, and a future state, rest on the same basis. And I conceive there is no accounting for the universal prevalence of either, without admitting their truth. To whatever source we refer its origin, the truth of the doctrines are necessarily involved, unless we place their origin without the pale of reason. To do this would be absurd, and not to be tolerated in an argument.

It will avail nothing to say, the universal prevalence of a belief in an existence subsequent to death, is to be referred to tradition. This, if it accounts for any thing, accounts only for its

* Dick's Philosophy of the Future State, p. 20—1.

† Spectator, No. 600.

‡ Good's Book of Nature, p. 333, and Dick on Future State, p. 22.

§ Pope's Essay, Ep. 1. 99th line.

general prevalence ; but it does not account for its origin. Its origin and prevalence are two things, entirely distinct from each other, and may be referred to different causes. We can conceive of no other possible origin of this belief, than has been named. For myself, were I to account for the origin and universality of this belief, I should refer the first to a divine revelation originally made to man, and the last to tradition combined with an innate sentiment impressed upon the human soul by our Creator. We can see nothing else that is adequate to the result. This position leads us to a conclusion at once desirable and consoling. It is a result which accords with the highest aspirations of the soul, and all the perfections of our Creator. 'In death there is life.' AMEN.

D. FORBES.

Norridgwick, Me. Sept. 1836.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH, OR THE TEST OF FAITH:

ILLUSTRATED BY INCIDENTS FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Original.

WE startle at the approach of Death, and tremble when this fell destroyer takes from us, our friends and relations. We cling to life amid pain and disease. We wish that our existence may be prolonged, though we are subject to wo and suffering, and we desire to remain on earth, though conscious that death will terminate our sufferings. This tenacity for life which all sane persons exhibit, is to me a proof that man has a germ of immortality within him ; unless this is admitted, I cannot account for that strong, unquenchable, universal desire to live always, which is found in all persons. We know that all our feelings have desires peculiar to themselves. Our sensations of hunger and thirst, can be allayed only by food and drink ; our weary bodies can be restored to vigor, only by rest ; our mental wants cannot be satisfied with animal food, nor can our temporal desires be satisfied with knowledge. Hence it seems evident that there must be in man a germ of heaven, or he would not hunger and thirst after immortal life.

At any time death is a gloomy visitant. Though we are daily reminded that he is among us, that he spares neither the fair and good, nor the wise and respected ; though we are fully sensible, that sooner or later we must go the way

of all the earth, yet how few are prepared for his presence ! It is the excellency of the christian faith, that though it saves us not from the grasp of the monster, it does disarm him of his sting ; it chases away the darkness of the tomb, makes us resigned to the will of heaven, and renders us happy in the hour of dissolution. And that form of faith must be the best, which affords peace and comfort to the mind in the day of sorrow, and affords a firm support when the things of time have lost their charm. Certain I am, that no faith is so valuable to man, none so well calculated to uphold the desponding heart, and make the believer joyful in death, as the faith in universal love. The unbeliever may doubt, the sceptic may deride, the infidel may boast of his stoicism and philosophy, but the heart that has received this faith, knows its value ; and the wealth of the world, when put in comparison with it, is but sordid dust.

During the time that I have devoted my humble powers to the work of the christian ministry, I have often been called to the bedside of the sick and dying. I have seen the rich and the poor ; the wise and the ignorant ; the man without God and without hope, and the humble christian ; the man who considered himself damned to endless wo, and the person who trusted in the universal goodness of God, all these have I seen bow before the king of terrors ; and from the instances which I have noted, I shall select three, to illustrate the effect of faith in the hour of death.

INCIDENT I.

I was sitting by my fireside one cold morning, reflecting upon the mutability of earthly things, when a messenger came with a request that I would call upon a Mr. G., who was supposed to be near his end. I was surprised at the request, for Mr. G. was an open contemner of sacred things, an avowed atheist, and one who had always ridiculed the idea of sending for a priest in the hour of death. His father had been during his life a partialist of the strictest sect, and seemed resolved that all his children should be also, if great pains and much severity could affect the purpose. But the severe discipline to which the father of Mr. G. had subjected his children, had the contrary effect upon his son from what was intended. He received in childhood a dislike for religious things, which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his

strength. He made himself acquainted with the writings of some of the most popular infidels, and associated with those who boast much of their independence; and he soon stood forth an open contemner of sacred things, and as an advocate for the hopeless, barren system of infidelity. He soon reached to the depth of sceptical philosophy, and admitted the effect but denied the cause; acknowledged he had brothers, but denied that his father ever existed, and refused to acknowledge the God who made the heavens and the earth.

He united himself to an amiable young lady, but they lived not happily together. He had no respect for religion, seldom went to church, and rarely ever opened the sacred volume, except to treat it with contempt, or to scorn the Savior of the world. His wife on the contrary had a great regard for religion, for in this respect she had been rationally educated—she drew her choicest counsel, instruction and comfort from the sacred volume, and her delight was to listen to the message of gospel truth from the sanctuary of the Most High. And she learned when it was too late, that tenderness, affection and love, seldom grow on that soil, where infidelity has breathed its blighting, withering breath.

Henry G. was not what the world would call a wicked man. He had been a giddy, thoughtless youth, and in the days of manhood reckless and inconsiderate, fond of high life, and jovial companions, and one who in a business capacity, to use his own phrase, 'was as honest as the times would allow him to be.' Such was the man to whose bedside I was summoned.

I entered his chamber, and found that sickness had nearly completed its work. Mr. G. had been agitated with disease and pain, but was now comparatively easy. His wife was bending over him; her wasted form, her anxious troubled appearance, her swollen eyes and heaving bosom, all told of the anguish of her heart. She seemed like an angel of mercy, sustaining and comforting suffering humanity. His aged mother bowed to the earth, and his children wept, because others seemed sad.

The sufferer reached out his hand, and with a feeble voice said, 'This is kind, sir, very kind, to obey so promptly my request; my days are numbered, my strength is almost gone, and soon I must leave this beautiful earth, and leave behind me all that I hold dear. But how can I die! I have no hope, and my days must end in dark-

ness. Had I been educated correctly, I might have died happy, and found peace in my last moments. I cannot believe in the Bible, and I am very miserable as I now view the future.' The sun was shining, he beheld its brilliant rays and exclaimed, 'O beauteous orb, must I never behold you again, must I leave you forever; glorious earth, shall I bid you farewell, and shall your beauty fade forever from my view? Gloomy thought!' The sobs of his companion attracted his attention. 'Weep not, my dear,' said he, 'you have faith, you have hope. You trust in God, and believe we shall meet again in that world of which you often speak, where sorrow never comes, where pain and anguish is never known. But alas! for me there is no hope, nought but gloomy darkness surrounds my dying bed.' His children drew near, he blessed them, and while the tears coursed down his cheek, he wished for that faith, which would enable him to leave his fatherless children in the hands of an Almighty Father.

I conversed with him, but his mind was too much debilitated to receive consolation. In the days of his strength he had sown to the wind, in the hour of sorrow he reaped the whirlwind. He lingered a few hours, and then descended hopeless and comfortless to the tomb.

I left this scene of wo with a heavy heart; reflecting that what I had witnessed, was the legitimate fruit of atheism and infidelity. It teaches us that we are frail, suffering, sorrowing creatures, and that there is no power mightier than we. It calls this a world of sorrow and disappointment, but denies us the consoling hope of a better existence. Under pretence of removing evils to which we are exposed, it deprives us of all that is good, and robs us of all that is sustaining. May the bewildered teachings of this miserable system never reach the hearts of those who may peruse this sketch. But may an unwavering belief in the existence, and a firm confidence in the goodness of God our Father, lead and guide the hearts of all in the paths of peace and love.

M. H. S.

Quincy, Mass.

RELIGION throws a brilliancy upon the morning of life; it embellishes the gay and fanciful dreams of childhood; it falls like a refreshing dew upon the hearts of the young and innocent, softening the feelings and affections, without their knowing whence it proceeds.

THE DEPARTED.

Original.

'FORGET him not ! though now his name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.'

Forget thee ! no, my brother, no !
Though years have rolled away
Since they did bear thee from our home
To the drear house of clay ;
And when I saw thee therein lain,
And left thee with regret,
This heart did feel that there was one
Would never thee forget.

As through the vista of the past,
By memory's radiance lit,
I gaze upon the scenes of joy
That 'fore my vision flit,
There shine no holier hours of bliss
Than when thy form was nigh,—
Thy lips of wisdom, heart of truth,
Thy mild and cheering eye.

O there were happy days when thou
Wert by the parent hearth,
Where now if chance thy name is heard
'Twill hush the voice of mirth,
And bring the lily to the cheek
Where lately bloomed the rose,
And cause, to hide the starting tear,
Affection's eye to close.

Yes, brother, we were proud of thee,
And 'twas an honest pride ;
And humbled were our hearts when God
Removed thee from our side ;
But now, our comfort is to think
Our loss to thee is gain,
And we shall meet in that high world
That knows no throb of pain.

East Cambridge.

B*.

THE SYSTEM OF ATHEISM.

BY D. J. MANDELL.

PSALM xciv. 9 : ' He that planted the ear, shall he not hear ? He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?'

THE affirmative answer of the questions expressed above, has, from the remotest period of the world, been the acknowledgment of mankind. In his every generation, has man, universally and intuitively, believed in a first cause, not only to his own nature and existence, but, to creation, or, the universe. We can look back to no age

within the scope of history, without finding mankind, in some particular or other, engaged in the adoration of a Divinity. Nature had taught them His existence. Nature had directed their worship to his throne—nature was the prompter, and in some cases it is true, has been the medium of their homage. But, past or present—pure or corrupted—the existence of an overruling providence, has been acknowledged by man—it has been the earliest lesson of his spirit—devotion to the Creator of worlds and the human frame, has been expressed—the energies of the mind have traced from thence their source—its feelings have been intuitively attracted to that source, and its powers engaged in adoration and praise. The world, at this day, abundantly evinces the truth of this statement. Altars are erected to Deity ; sacrifice prepared for his acceptance, or propitiation ; the world of human kind, owns his supremacy and his power, and the world exalts his name and his deeds, by the incense of its homage and its praise.

But, there is one class of persons, who professedly will not allow the existence of any Deity. They scoff at all religious worship as a vain mockery, and spurn all those high and enrapturing hopes, which are so dear to all who can esteem them, and are so desirable to all of mortal kind. I say to *all* of mortal kind, because I do not believe that there is one human being who can conscientiously say that the existence of a God, and the certainty of a future, immortal, and happy existence, are not things to be desired. The most inveterate infidel, if he speak his true sentiments, will allow this. But this class endeavor to convince us, that there is no God—no Creator to man—no superintendent providence ; but they would have us believe that man is left to himself, and is alone amenable to his own laws, and must meet, by his own powers, which *no one* has created, the wants of his existence, from resources which *no one* has provided for him. I have said that this class, professedly, will not allow the existence of a Creator, but, notwithstanding this, they cannot well proceed with their theory, without acknowledging *some origin* for man. And to obviate the apparent difficulty which lies in the way of allowing an origin, but no Creator, they have devised the system of chance. They suppose that man, as it were, *happened* into existence—that, by some accidental circumstance or combination of the elements, his form was moulded, his

powers generated, the spirit of life infused into his frame, and the creature perfected, as at present he is seen. Well, this is a very plausible and convenient theory, I must confess. I can only wish, that the same kind of *accident* might supply all our wants, and provide for all the requirements of life. How pleasant it would be, patient reader, to have our houses rear themselves up before us, without putting us to the trouble of designing and building them, and without expenditure on our part. How convenient it would be to have our storehouses filled, and our granaries supplied without any effort to us. Why I can conceive of nothing more commodious than such a chance arrangement. But my chief wonder is, if this system or theory, be true, that such things are not seen at this period of the world, and I should certainly think, that, if man once originated by accident with all his glorious powers, that he would still continue to do so; and I should think, at least, if the intricacies of the human system, were the result of chance without design, that, for our accommodation, a house or a shed might occasionally be erected by the same cause. It would certainly save both the brain and the body of man considerable labor. But perhaps chance thought it best that man should work and build his own houses; at least if the theory we have now under notice be true, it would appear so. And I am rather inclined to think that we are able to build better habitations for ourselves, than chance could erect for us, and at any rate, we surely have not much cause for thanking this principle or power if you please, for any essential aid in the matter.

But, when we come to examine the atheistical theory of the origin of all things, and especially of mankind, we cannot but perceive the utter folly of him who gives his assent thereto. This system, as has been before said, actually teaches that man *originated* without any *originating cause*. Now this is a thing which we cannot possibly conceive. It is an absolute enigma—a thing, on every probable ground, not possible. Any mind, not lost to all sense of reason, will readily perceive, that, to allow man, primarily, an origin, without an originating cause, is opposed to the promptings of nature—the lessons of experience, or the common operations of thought. It even rebels against the perceptions of the merest child; and the infidel must make the best of two conclusions; he must either re-

cognize the strict eternity of man, or granting him an origin, acknowledge an originating cause. We will, therefore, in the first place, apply ourselves to the consideration of the position, that, the human race is strictly eternal, that is, being from a period without an antecedent, existent in their present capacity.

But, how does this theory accord with what reason, observation and experience teach? Reason would tell us that, a being who is self-existent, or who is from an era without a commencement, in being, could never be subjected to an end. And this is nothing more than a just conclusion, because we behold around us daily, creatures who can trace their life to a commencement, and who at some period must resign that same life, and permit it to be finished. It is therefore nothing more than a just conclusion, that, if an existence which has once experienced a beginning is subjected to an end, that which never had an origin, can never have an end. And when we come to apply this principle to man, and to view him in the light which our own observation and experience afford us, the strict and uncreated eternity of his existence, is a notion preposterous and paradoxical in the extreme. Why, if I may be allowed the introduction of a strange figure in rhetoric, the mind almost laughs itself into convulsions at the bare thought. We behold continually around us, mortals, coming into being, and going out of it; and it is impossible for us to reconcile this circumstance with the idea associated with an existence, which acknowledges no origin. Such an existence must be possessed of an *imperishable* nature; but, man is constantly *perishing* around us. How then can it be consistently said, that man's being had no origin?

But, again; the origin of man can be substantiated on other ground, than that which is occupied above. Our own observation proving to us as it does, that human beings have been and are coming from a state of nonentity, into that of animate and active existence, we shall find, that, in addition to the evidence thus derived, history also has its testimony. As we trace the march of population, we behold a gradual and steady *increase*. If in one place the inhabitants become too numerous for the welfare of society, new locations are provided, and new countries sought out, that the surplus may find comfortable habitations, without encroaching too much upon their neighbors. And, having this fact in

view, by casting our reflections back upon the career of time, and reviewing the proportionable numbers of each preceding generation, we must of a necessity discover a gradual and relative *decrease*, which will ultimately and inevitably lead us to some few individuals, whom we shall be obliged to recognize as the progenitors of the present human family. And when we consider that they must have been of the same general character and nature, as has been successively developed in their children,—as tracing back their existence, till it is lost in the mazes of inexistence, our inevitable inference *must* be that mankind, at some period, had an origin. And this conclusion the universal assent of mankind will also authorize. It is affirmed in every tradition now extant among men. While reason approves it, human testimony and the evidence of history, if they will be received as evidence, confirm it. And for my own part, I cannot conceive how the doctrine of no origin for man whatsoever, is to be supported, except it be by supposing some person, whom we may indeed term *a man*, but who was possessed of all the attributes consequent to self existence, and allow the present race to have sprung from him. But such a course would destroy the theory of no God, and no originating cause at once. The infidel would then stand in his own light. For, if he supposes, or allows the existence of a being whose powers and existence never knew a beginning, and whose nature, from such a circumstance, is imperishable, and who was the primary source whence emanated the human race, he has recognized at once, the truth which he would subvert, and granted that general character to that imaginary being, which we are wont to attribute to God. In fact, he has acknowledged that DEITY whom he would deny.

Having seen that the doctrine of no origin to man cannot be substantiated, this deduction is indispensable, that, as man had once an origin, he must have had an originating cause. We will therefore proceed to examine the principal atheistical systems, whereby the advocates of infidelity endeavor to reconcile the origin of man with the principles of reason, without admitting as requisite, an intelligent originator. Some of the class of atheists will tell us, that the primary cause of man's existence, was chance. But it seems to me, as though, by thus endeavoring to account for the origin of man, they are rebelling against their own senses. It is very singular,

that the class of persons who hold to this strange theory, acknowledge the work of chance, in nothing, except it be the first formation of the universe, or the *origin of man*. They would deem it exceedingly wonderful, at this day, to see any thing—even a blade of grass, coming into an allotted sphere of being, without undergoing the usual processes, and commencing at the usual source. They would consider it a circumstance very peculiar and marvellous indeed, were they to behold a plant growing without soil,—an oak lifting its broad branches to the sky, which did not originally spring from a germ contained within an acorn,—a butterfly playing in the fields, which had never undergone the chrysalis state, or a house, which was built without the aid of human ingenuity and labor. Indeed it would be the most surprising thing in the world, to the advocate of the *chance* theory, did such things occur; and his common sense teaches him never to expect them. Yet, when we would reason with him upon the subject, he will acknowledge no orderly and regular principle of generation, but ascribes all to the reckless and unmethodical operation of chance. And herein, he certainly wars against the promptings of his own reason.

But there are some who will not acknowledge an intelligent originator, who seem to realize in a degree, the difficulties attendant upon the theory of chance, and who attempt, in their reasonings upon the origin of man, to invest it with some show of regularity. They pretend to say—and this is absolutely true, notwithstanding its mysteriousness—they pretend to say, that man is on the whole, but a perfected stage of the lower order of the vegetable, or animal kingdom, springing primarily from thence, and gradually advancing to his present state. Well, this does indeed furnish us with some semblance of order, in accounting for the origin and existence of man; and we can probably, by analogy, trace that of the universe to the same source. What does the reader think of supposing, (and this supposition is as plausible as many others by which atheists endeavor to account for the origin of creation)—I say, what does the reader think of supposing that the vast and widely extended universe around us, originally proceeded from the stalk of a vine, which somehow unaccountably sprang forth from the depths of vacant space? (no matter how.) What do you think of tracing the growth of the universe, step by step, and degree by degree, until the world whereof we

are inhabitants, is formed? And having traced the rise of creation thus far, we will suppose that this wonderful vine sends out another shoot, and that the embryo sun lights up the first spark of its radiance upon one of its tendrils; and gradually increasing in bulk and brilliancy, we can imagine that at last, it burns off the stalk which supports it, disregards the laws of *gravity*, flies off into the unoccupied regions extending around it, and fixes itself with a mighty and miraculous effort, in its present sphere. And so we can go on, seeing world upon world, and planet upon planet, proceeding from this vine, and flying in its proper time to the place which it may have chanced to find, until the present universe is complete. And here I may be permitted to make one suggestion to the reader—If any one asks why this vine does not happen to bear, in this manner, at the present day, we can easily account for that circumstance, by supposing that it is now the *winter season*; and every body knows that vines do not bear in the winter.*

But to come more immediately to our subject; we have said, that the last theory of the origin of man, by which we have just analogized that of the universe, afforded us some notion of regularity. But with reference to whether those who advocate the theory, believe it or no, I will ask, seriously, if I can, whether, if some person should carry the information to an infidel who professes this system, that a man was growing from a mushroom which had sprung up in his garden, or some cattle in his fields were changing into human beings—yes I will ask seriously if I can, if it is to be supposed that this infidel, notwithstanding he thus endeavors to account for the origin of man, *would* or *could* believe the tale? Why he would denounce such a circumstance, unless he had tangible demonstration, with far more of asperity and scepticism, than he ever did the miracles recorded in the scriptures. I recollect a circumstance, somewhat of the character which I have just supposed, and though I may not give it in the precise language, in which it was related, I can furnish the reader with the idea. An infidel, who was a professor of the theory which we are now noticing, was discoursing in company upon the tenets of his doctrine;

* In allusion to the remark of a prominent atheist, who had observed that he supposed, in times past, that man might have sprung up something as plants do now, and who, when asked why the earth did not continue to bear, gave as a reason, that she had grown old, &c.

he had been endeavoring to account for the origin of man, upon the system just mentioned, supposing man to be the perfected stage of the lower orders of the vegetable or animal kingdom. He is represented as a person of strong and vigorous intellect, owing to which circumstance, he was enabled to give great plausibility to his reasoning in the sight of most of the company present. But while he was arguing away to prove that man is a being perfected from an inferior grade of existence, and probably was produced by the earth in the same manner as plants now are, a shrewd genius who was present, said, he had but little doubt of the truth of the gentleman's system, as, when he had been travelling through the remote regions of Texas, he had seen *hogs growing upon trees*. And I have only to add, that, after this remark, we have no account that the gentleman attempted to sustain, any farther, the idea that man was primarily a vegetable or inferior animal. And there was a very good reason why it should so be. The common sense of the infidel told him at once, that the thing which the other person stated, could not be true, and consequently, if he continued his argument, he would only have proceeded against his own convictions.

It has been said, in the course of these remarks, that the sceptic attributed all to the reckless operation of chance; and though we have seen that some *do* endeavor to associate with the origin of man, some little of order and regularity, that assertion is nevertheless established. For, when we ask them, whence was derived the first, or inferior stage of the present man, they find it impossible to account for it on any feasible or rational plan whatsoever. And tracing back the origin of our sphere, or the universe, upon their system, we must inevitably come to some source. And supposing that source to be the *vine* which was introduced in our attempted illustration of their theory, when we come to query concerning the origin of *even that*, the answer is—Why, we suppose it happened so; or else it will be affirmed that it *always was*. And thus the assertion is established, that infidelity ascribes the origin of all things to the reckless operation of chance. And there is no way for the atheist to avoid this conclusion, except he allow the originating principle, that which he is unwilling should be attributed to an intelligent Creator, namely, an uncreated self existence.

But, whether the originating principle of man's existence, was one which had an origin itself, or otherwise, this fact, it is thought, has been fully established, man must have had at some period an origin. And now I wish to bring the mind of the reader to the principle laid down in the scriptural quotation which heads this article. 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' Now here is a groundwork established, which is all important to us. There is nothing better adapted than the scorn, with which the unbeliever treats the avowed existence of an intelligent Deity, to convince us that he acknowledges no God; and, that if he allows an originating cause to man's existence, it is like Baal of old, both blind and deaf. Now, there is no greater *possible* absurdity, than that of supposing that a power of any kind, or a being of any grade, could without a demonstrated idea of any principle, or thing, or faculty, create that principle, thing, or faculty. We will, in this instance, suppose the case of a person born blind, and analogize his case, with that of one born deaf. We will suppose this blind person to have had no conception of sight, and yet endowed with all power to create sight. Is it in the nature of circumstances to suppose that this person would be capable, not seeing himself, of creating sight? Assuredly not. Neither is it in the power of one, deaf, to create organs of hearing. Man never could, and consequently never would have made a telescope, to assist the sight, had he not been *possessed of sight*. And it is impossible to conceive that any being or power, provided either were possessed of the might of omnipotence, could have created faculties, without having the same demonstrated in himself.

But notwithstanding this is so self evident, the infidel attributes to the originating medium of mankind, the possession of no such faculties as those possessed by the beings originated. He scoffs at the christian, as one who, *hearing*, addresses the source whence he sprung, as one having an ear. He ridicules the believer in a God, as one, who, having *sight*, concludes that the author of his existence must be possessed of the same. He laughs at what he calls the *paradox* of christian faith, and yet, if christian faith be indeed a paradox, which we are not prepared to allow, believes in a far greater absurdity himself; which is, that a blind, deaf, irrational, yea inexistent principle, was the prima-

ry source whence originated seeing, hearing, rational and living creatures. Surely the atheist, while believing and teaching such a theory, ought not to condemn the authority, nor the reality of *miracles*.

It being thus evident that whatever was the originating cause of man, it must have been an existent, animated, intelligent, hearing and seeing principle, or power, the light of reason alone will authorize our address to him as such. And our existence, our faculties, yea the whole of universal nature, abundantly confirm the justice of our conclusion and course. The heavens declare the glory of God—day unto day uttereth speech of his glory, and night unto night showeth knowledge of his wisdom and might.

There is a God! there is a God!

The fiercest gale that blows—

The gentlest breath that wakes the morn,
Or sighs when day doth close—

The sun so bright,

Which sheds his light,

From realms untrod, to realms unseen,—

Each radiant star,

Which from afar

Smiles, like the eye of love, serene—

Yea, nature to its lowliest sod,

Proclaims this truth—there is a God.

And to the testimony of our own reason, our own faculties, and of nature, is added that of revelation. 'The Lord God *liveth*,' says the Psalmist. And speaking of his deeds, he goes on to observe of God, 'Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. Thou visitest the earth and waterest it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are also covered with corn.' 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!' And if at any time my readers are led to imagine that the all seeing eye, and the all hearing ear of our God, are *not*, may their mind recur to the principle of our motto, and may they be led to ask in its language, while their consciences give them answers and confirmations of peace: 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?'

Westbrook, Me.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO EXPRESSED A WISH TO BE IN BATTLE.

Original.

SIGH'ST thou for the dread din of war ?

The cannon's rolling peal ;

The sulph'rous cloud breeze borne afar,—

The shock—the shout—the reel ?

The glitt'ring sword, deep, deeply dyed

Within a brother's blood ;

The charger's tread of lofty pride,

Amid the sanguine flood ?

The desperate charge, the fierce repulse,

The groan of parting life ;

The writhing forms death's throes convulse,

Crushed 'neath the horrid strife ?—

Are these the scenes on which thine eye

Delightedly could gaze ?

Could'st thou thy voice, thy hand, on high

Against a brother raise ?

Suppress the wish ! true courage lies

In conquering foes within ;

The fearful passions that would rise,

And tempt the heart to sin !

'Gainst them unceasing war proclaim !

Their dark dense ranks mow down !

Then, though no trump shall breathe thy fame,

Peace shall the victor crown.

A—.

Weymouth, Sept. 17th.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Original.

ACTS XXVI. 25 : ' But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus ; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.'

WHENEVER we cast our admiring gaze over the sublime view presented by the early progress of christianity we discover that the picture owes much of its effect to the attitude in which St. Paul is placed. It was a bright day for christianity when he was awakened by the voice of the persecuted Jesus, and with a devoted soul went boldly with the soldiers of the cross, ready to meet any hardships in the cause of christian truth.

As after Paul's conversion he was an enthusiastic defender of the doctrine of the crucified Jesus, many have artfully undertaken to trace his conversion to a wild enthusiasm, and thus rob christianity of the glory that is reflected from the conduct of the great and zealous apostle.

But the attempt has been, and will ever be vain and idle ; the madness of fanaticism, Paul never knew ; neither was his, the heat of a false or unreasonable enthusiasm ; and at all times, and under the most exciting circumstances, he could say with dignity—' I am not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.'

His conduct as set forth in the context was manly, courteous, and exemplary. There is not connected with it the least mark of wildness or fanaticism, and it speaks much for his self possession, and powers of argument. Accused by the Jews of crimes against the state, he appealed for judgment to Cæsar, by the rights of a Roman citizen. His appeal was admitted by Festus, who retained him in bondage till he could send him to Rome. While he remained in the bonds of imprisonment, king Agrippa came to visit Festus, and on being told of the case said—' I would also hear the man myself.' His curiosity was rational, as the fame of Paul had gone out not only throughout the land of Judea, but through all Asia Minor and Greece.

' To-morrow, said Festus, thou shalt hear him. And on the morrow, when Agrippa was come, and Bernice, with great pomp, and was entered into the place of hearing, with the chief captains, and principal men of the city ; at Festus' commandment, Paul was brought forth.' What an array was here made to examine a man against whom no specific charge was now alleged, as we learn from Festus' speech to Agrippa—' It seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner, and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him.'

Before this pomp and splendor of pride and courtly array, Paul was brought a chained prisoner—chained for declaring the benevolent doctrine of Jesus, and reasoning of the resurrection of the dead. Agrippa permitted him to speak for himself, and this was honorable in a believer of the Jewish religion. ' Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself ; I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all things whereof I am accused of the Jews ; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews ; wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.'

He then proceeded to give a concise account of his life from his youth up—his education, and devotion to the religion of the strictest sect ;

that he was persecuted by the Jews because he maintained the resurrection of the dead ; and gave forth a history of his conversion to the faith that brought life and immortality to light. And, continued he, 'having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great ; saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come. That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles. And while he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself ; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus ; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things before whom also I speak freely ; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him ; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa believest thou the prophets ? I know that thou believest. Then said Agrippa unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian. And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am—except these bonds.'

What a tremendous effect the uplifting of his chained hands in such a manner must have had on the multitude gathered there. Methinks I can see before me the apostle—his countenance wears a look of majesty, his attitude is noble, his eyes sparkle with the fire of nature's eloquence, and the whole man seems encompassed with a dignity that art cannot copy, and wealth cannot purchase. Before the majesty of the christian advocate the splendor of the kingly retinue vanishes into insignificance, and the chained Paul is prouder and more free than Agrippa or Festus on their thrones—the effect was overwhelming—the audience was broke up, and while the words of the prisoner, *except these bonds*, were ringing in their ears, the whole council declared—'This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds.'

Well may we apply to Paul the poet's words :

'With illustration simple, yet profound,
—and with unfaltering zeal,
He spoke from a warm heart, and made e'en cold
 hearts feel.

And this is eloquence. 'Tis the intense,
Impassioned fervor of a mind deep fraught
With native energy, when soul and sense
Burst forth, embodied in the burning thought ;

When look, emotion, tone, are all combined—
When the whole man is eloquent with mind—
A power that comes not to the call or guest,
But from the gifted soul, and the deep feeling
 breast.'

Festus imagined that Paul was at that time an overheated zealot—a fanatic ; and as he dwelt with enthusiasm on the messiahship of Jesus, and the resurrection of the dead, Paul was declared to be beside himself—much learning had made him mad. Festus undoubtedly was led to declare this by the glowing description given of the apostle's conversion, when 'a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shone round about him, and them which journeyed with him.'

Festus is not the only one who would trace the devotion of Paul to Jesus to a heated enthusiasm ; many rejectors of the holy hopes of christianity have declared his conversion to be the effects of enthusiasm ; but the assertion cannot live a moment, for the apostle was free from all the composition of a wild enthusiast, was learned, and of a sound and strong mind. And let it be remembered that he had withstood all the mighty evidence of the Savior's miracles, and those wrought near him in Jerusalem by the apostles.

One particular is worthy of careful notice, which is, that creatures of enthusiastic temperaments are always possessed of strong imaginations, and the imagination is impressed in conformity to the opinions of the enthusiast, and causes him to grow more and more into the conviction that he is right ; but the imagination of such never favors a cause direct against that in which the enthusiast is heartily engaged. With this introduction let us direct our attention to the time of Saul's conversion—then with all the fury of a bigot, and wildness of a fanatic, he was hurrying forward to Damascus, to bring all the christians he might find there to Jerusalem—aye, in bonds, whether men or women.

To this wild purpose his enthusiasm was directed—he had personally obtained authority from the chief priests—he cherished a deep abhorrence of Christ and his religion, and breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples around—bound them in prison, and gave his voice against them, when they were condemned to an ignominious death—'twas he who held the clothes of those who stoned the holy martyr Stephen. While his passions were thus

inflamed, and he was burning with hate against the christians, had he seen a vision from heaven that favored his cause—applauded his conduct, and declared anger of God against the followers of the Nazarene, then we might trace it all to the natural powers of enthusiasm, and call him a dreamy zealot.

But the truth of the case was the reverse—the vision was direct against the enthusiasm that had heated his passions to the utmost, and at the very moment when all his soul was bent in war against christianity, he could not be imaginarily impressed with the idea that he was called miraculously to become an apostle of Jesus Christ, whom he regarded as an impostor, and his religion as a lie. It is incredible to suppose that enthusiasm could lead to this—it is against reason and nature, and as impossible as that a mighty river can bear a ship against the current of its own stream.

Look, too, at the conduct of Paul in after life—does it wear the features of fanaticism? Far from it; he was courteous to all, and 'became all things to all men,' as far as consistent with honesty and truth; while fanatical delusion always tends to an opposite course of conduct, making the deluded bigoted and severe.

No. The apostle Paul was no wild enthusiast—see him at Athens amid the pomp and glitter of idolatry, when his spirit was stirred within him to see that splendid city wholly given to superstitious dreams; follow him to Mar's-hill, and there see him stand surrounded by all the learning of the age—no wild harangue—no denouncing speech issues from his lips, but with the eloquence of Athens' proudest day he speaks to the worshippers of the *unknown God*, and with unparalleled dignity proclaims the truths of Jesus. Had he been a mere enthusiast, the men of Athens never would have permitted him to stand on, and speak from the summit of the sacred Mar's Hill.

And wherever we see him there we see the rational, devoted, and zealous apostle of the crucified Lord of glory—nowhere do we trace in him the characteristics of a fanatic or madman. Well might he say, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.'

The madness which Festus attributed to Paul, is what we call fanaticism, which is far different from enthusiasm; the one is baneful, but the

other is absolutely necessary to the furtherance and ultimate success of every good work; the one Paul possessed before he was converted, and after his awakening to the truth his mind was calmed, his passions were softened, his affections expanded, and he became a rational enthusiast. Much learning in the love of the Father, in the divine mission of the Son, and the holy truth of the revealed word, had made him such; and before kings and princes—young and old—learned and ignorant, he by the help of God could witness both to small and great, of the great truths of the heavenly kingdom.

Intolerance is a prominent trait in the character of the fanatic, Paul knew not its power while he advocated Jesus and the resurrection. 'A man of the lowest capacity, of the most contemptible talents, and of the most vitiated sentiments, may be a fanatic; but it requires a certain degree of sublimity of thought as well as of feeling, to constitute a rational enthusiast. Fanaticism depresses the brow, and casts a shade of malign solemnity over the countenance, but enthusiasm often promotes, and never sullenly obstructs social hilarity. Enthusiasm often expands, sublimates, and vivifies the most generous qualities of our nature; while fanaticism freezes all the tender sensibilities of the heart, blights all that is amiable, and often brings to maturity all that is loathsome and disgusting.'

The beauty of Paul's character, and a great argument against the charge of Festus, was his powers of persuasion. Scripture arguments, and affectionate exhortation, were the weapons he used in the warfare of truth against error; and they who use the contrary, can lay little claim to the enthusiasm of the apostle, but may justly be charged with possessing a madness incompatible with the mild genius of christianity.

When we hear men dealing anathemas around on their fellow men—condemning to the fate of endless torment those who differ from them—crying as it were, 'he that believeth as I do, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned'—we are forced to conclude that they have drank of the wine of the great sorceress, and are mad with the drunkenness of a false zeal. 'Tis madness for us to presume to judge who are God's foes, as it is the omniscient eye of the all wise that alone

'Can judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.'

There is too much proneness in our world for sinners in the sacred desk to curse sinners without—there is too much madness of party spirit, and zealous devotion to the idols of the imagination, to the neglect of the cultivation of those christian graces, without which professions are as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal. Enthusiasm under proper restraints, and well directed, is not sinful; but it is the abuse, the corrupting and maddening of this noble principle, that wars against all that is good in man, and beneficial to society.

Enthusiasm duly regulated will give a charm to life—a zest to its duties and pleasures, of which the cold and indifferent know not; but when it is abused, and approaches to fanaticism, it paralyzes the mild sympathies of our nature, and makes men zealots for doctrines, opinions, and outer forms, and not for the honor of God, and the good of humanity. The religious teacher under its influence often ‘becomes a visionary, and lives on better terms with angels and seraphs, than with his children, servants, neighbors, and fellow men.’

The enthusiasm of the early christians was rational, and wisely directed. Ere the dawn of the gospel day, the darkness of night hovered over the grave, and superstition, the child of fear, had a fearful dominion over the hearts of the children of men. Christianity spread a glorious splendor over the future; and the primitive believers felt the strong stirrings of immortal hope, and were prompted to the utmost devotion to the holy cause. They were not mad, but like Paul felt that it was good to be zealously affected in a good thing.

There is one truth that stands out in bold relief whenever we consider the enthusiasm of the early christians, which is this: Had not the gospel promise of eternal life been free, unconditional, and no more dependant on man than the rich rains of heaven, the primitive disciples never would have evinced such enthusiastic gratitude as they did. Paul regarded eternal glory as the free gift of God—he taught the churches the same truth, and the believing heart spontaneously cried out: ‘Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.’

But had he taught them that the glories and bliss of the eternal and lovelier world depended on their own exertions, the depth of their gratitude to God would have been much less than it was while they regarded the inheritance of the

better life as a free gift—free as the air we breathe—free as the light of heaven—freely bestowed as the nourishment the mother gives her infant, consulting only the wants of the child, and her own love towards it. ‘God commendeth his love to us,’ says Paul to the Romans, ‘in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.’ ‘We love God,’ says the mild John, ‘because he first loved us.’ And all the gratitude, the rejoicing, and devotion of the early christians was predicated on the eternity and freeness of God’s love toward them. What if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid. For all the promises are yea, and in Christ, Amen, to the glory of God by us.

There are too many who like Festus will condemn at once opposite opinions to their own. Had he listened to the apostle with candor, and examined carefully his faith, he would have revered Christ—embraced his gospel, and been convinced of the perfect sanity of his illustrious prisoner. But men too often judge of others’ opinions with partiality and prejudice, and treat with contempt their arguments. When we meet with such, let Paul be our exemplar, and let us obey the prophet’s exhortation—‘*Love the truth and peace.*’

From considering the conduct of Paul, we learn the soundness of our faith; he felt the consciousness of truth, and could call on kings to testify for him while sitting in judgment upon him—said he: ‘The king knoweth of these things before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was ‘not done in a corner.’ The preaching, miracles, death, and resurrection of Christ were all notorious and open—Agrippa must have known of them, and his answer implied that he was well nigh convinced of the truth of the christian religion.

The rejector of christian truth might find in the conduct of the apostle at this time a useful lesson; Paul could not have been a wild enthusiast; and it is incredible to believe that he endured the many sufferings that fell to his lot for the sake of the upbuilding of an imposture. Well might that christian martyr say: ‘If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?’ Or if at Ephesus he was forced to contend with, and suffer the insults and abuse of men who were more like wild beasts than human

beings, what profit was all his labor to him if the doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection was not true? Indeed he were mad to contend and suffer thus for the propagation of a fable—he were mad to relinquish the ties of friendship, the bonds of love and kindred, and the society of the wordly great, and become poor, wretched, and despised—all for nothing—for a worse than nothing. But no; he was not mad; he had the truth, the holy truth, and he had visions of a lovelier life than this to cheer him amidst his trials. The abiding presence of God was with him, and he felt the reality of the Savior's promise: If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'

E. Cambridge.

B.*

AUTUMN.

Original.

WHAT season of the year is so favorable as autumn, to the exercise of man's religious feelings? It is then, if ever, that we feel the brevity and uncertainty of human life. The melancholy truths, that we are allied to dust, and subject to the changes which are continually going on in the world around us—that we are swiftly passing away, and forever, from objects which we have delighted to behold—that we must inevitably, and very soon, bid our last adieu to beloved friends and endearing scenes,—these crowd home upon the heart with indescribable freshness and vivacity, when we stand surrounded by the decaying verdure of field and forest, and gaze upon the last flowers of summer as they stoop to the autumn blast.

We are amazed at the change which a few days have made in the aspect of nature. We are reluctant to believe the evidence of our senses; and we would shut out from our minds the painful truth, that summer with its thousand thousand charms has gone, and cold and dreary winter with its storms and snows, will soon complete the work of nature's desolation. There seems in every moan of the bleak wind, in every falling leaf, and every faded flower, a voice which speaks the mutability of all terrestrial things. And then it is we turn from the dreariness and loneliness of earth, to a contemplation of the ever enduring things of heaven. It is then our affections spontaneously ascend from

things below to things above, and our thoughts rise up from drooping creation to the eternal Creator. It is amidst the gloomy and desolate scenes of autumn, that we feel our hopes of earthly bliss are but vanity and shadows, and we then look upward for something more substantial to satisfy the anxious cravings of our natures. Dying nature impresses us with a sense of our own mortality, and we then look forward in anticipation of another life of blessedness and immortal glory.

D. B. H.

WOMAN.

I DISLIKE the man who deliberately trifles with the affections of woman. I would rather shake hands with a highwayman, than with a person who has sacrificed to his own vanity the life-long happiness of an inexperienced girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never been sufficiently reprobated, and females too often betray the rights of their sex, by accepting with pride the homage of a man who has become notorious for the conquest and destruction of their sisters, as if his mercy and love could be depended upon, who has once been cruel to an affectionate woman! The world laughs, and stores of living proverbs and stupid jests, on the briefness of woman's love, are administered; but you will find, if your heart be not hardened by selfishness, that this will be in vain. Perhaps you had no intention of being serious; you only flirted, tried to be agreeable, and to please for the moment; but what if, while you are meaning nothing, your trifling created anguish, your sport became death to the object of it? When, by exclusive attentions, you have excited a regard—by the development of talent, or by the display and devotion of personal graces, you have fascinated the mind and the heart—when, by the melting and the speaking eye, the faltering voice, the fervid tone, the retained hand, you have awakened the passion you cannot lay—when you have done this in the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your convenience or sated coxcombry, to finish the scene by an altered mien, a distant courtesy, or an expression of surprise at the expected efforts of your civility, will you be able to quiet your conscience with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage of fools, or a lie of your own? What if the poor being, whose hope you have changed into despair, whose garden you have blasted with mil-

dew and dust, whose heaven you have darkened for evermore, shall suffer in silence, striving to bear her sorrow, praying for cheerfulness, pardoning without forgetting you, till the worm has eaten through to life, and the body is emaciated which you have led to the dance, the voice is broken on which you have hung, the face wan which you have flattered, and the eyes frightfully bright with funereal lustre, which used to laugh radiantly, and hope, and love, when they gazed upon you? What if a prouder temper, a more ardent imagination, and a stronger constitution, should lead to spite, and impatience, and recklessness of good and ill—if a hasty and loveless marriage should be the rack of her soul, or the provocation of her sin! Is there mandragora could drug you to sleep while this was on your memory, or does there really live a man who could triumph in such bitter wo?

O believe it not! For the sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the coxcombs of ours. Women have their weaknesses, and plenty of them, but they are seldom vicious, like ours; and as to their levity of heart, who shall compare the worldly, skin-deep fondness of a man, with the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl? A thousand thoughts distract, a thousand passions are a substitute, for the devotions of a man; but to love is the purpose—to be loved, the consummation—to be faithful, the religion of a woman. It is her all in all, and when she gives her heart away she gives away a jewel which, if it does not make the wearer richer than Cræsus, will leave the giver poor indeed.

CORRECTED REPUBLICATIONS.—NO. VII.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

MIDST its jewelled diadem,
Earth displays no brighter gem,
None more rich, or undefiled,
Than a heaven-instructed child.

INNOCENCE around its brow,
Like a seraph's smile doth glow;
While, reflected in its mien,
Is its soul's pure joyance seen.

PEACE, enshrined within its breast,
Like the dove who seeks her nest,

Findeth, mid earth's toil and care,
Rest congenial only there.

VIRTUE, reigning in its heart,
To each thought doth grace impart;
And, in wreaths of light doth bind,
Her bright mantle round the mind.

Every tone its voice doth raise,
Yields to heaven a note of praise;
While earth's choicest tribute there,
Is its sweet and artless prayer.

Midst its jewelled diadem,
Earth displays no brighter gem,
None more rich, or undefiled,
Than a heaven instructed child.

D. J. M.

Westbrook, Me.

THE MARRIAGE RING.

The following History of the Marriage Ring, from a publication printed so long ago as 1686, may interest our lady readers:

'THE first inventor of the Ring, as is reported, was one Prometheus; the workman who made it, was Tubal Cain, of whom there is mention in the 4 Genesis, that he wrought cunningly in every kind of brass and iron. And Tubal Cain, by the counsel of our first parent Adam, (as my author telleth me) gave it to his son to this end, that therewith he should espouse a wife, like as Abraham delivered to his servants bracelets and earrings of gold, which he gave to Rebecca when he chose her to be Isaac's wife, as we may read in the same book of Genesis. But the first ring was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant, the metal hard and durable, signifying the continuance and perpetuity of the contract; the virtuous adamant drawing the iron unto it, signifying the perfect unity and indissoluble conjunction of their minds in true and faithful love. Howbeit it skilleth not at this day what metal the ring be of. The form of the ring being circular, that is round and without end, importeth this much, that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other, as in a circle, and that continually and forever. The finger on which this ring is to be worn is the fourth finger of the left hand, next unto the little finger, because by the received opinion of the learned and experienced in ripping up and anatomizing men's bodies, there is a vein of blood which passeth from that fourth finger to the heart, called *vena amoris*, so the wearing of

the ring on that finger signifieth that the love should not be vain or feigned, but as they did give their hands to each other, so likewise they should give their hearts also, whereunto that vein is extended. Furthermore, I do observe that in former ages it was not tolerated to single or unmarried persons to wear rings unless they were judges, doctors, or senators, or such like honorable persons, so that being destitute of such dignity, it was a note of vanity, lasciviousness, and pride, for them to presume to wear a ring; whereby we may collect how greatly they did honor and reverence the sacred estate of wedlock in times past, in permitting the parties affianced to be adorned with honorable ornament of the ring; as also the vanity, lasciviousness, and intolerable pride of these our days, wherein every skipping Jack and every flirting Jill must not only be ringed forsooth very daintily, but must have some special jewel of favor besides, as though they were descended of some noble house or parentage, when as all their houses and whole patrimony is not worth the ninth part of a noble; or else, as if they were betrothed or assured in the holy band of wedlock, when as indeed there is no manner of contract betwixt them, unless peradventure it be such a contract as Judah made with Thamar.'

DOING AS OTHERS DO.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

'My dear, there is little use in talking about the matter: now I put it to you as a woman of sense (and that is what can seldom be said of a pretty woman), would you have me sacrifice my reputation as a sportsman, or a man of honor? I am certain I shall *make* by the transaction, but whether or not I pledged myself to Gaythorne to support the Filly; and nobody ever heard of a young man of family, fortune, and fashion, being absent at this time from Doncaster; the fact is, Emily, I must, to support my station in society, *'do as others do.'*

'You play a dangerous game, my love,' replied lady Emily Morton, to her young and handsome husband, 'you do indeed; I cannot see what fame is to be acquired by horse racing; it destroys every thing like domestic society; and the vile men you bring here, their loud laughter, their strange phrases, their horrid boots—Apropos! my dear, did you think of the ponceau vel-

vet when you passed Le Grand's, to-day? The saloon is absolutely unfit to receive a creature until the new draperies are hung: and I have made up my mind to have Catalani, only one night, love, and I will be content with one cantata, *only one*, which she will sing for a hundred guineas; you know that odious lady Grimby has had her; and, indeed, my dear, it is necessary for me to *'do as others do.'*" Lady Emily turned her profile towards her husband (she knew he admired it,) and bent her swan-like neck to ascertain if the sparkling bracelet was securely fastened on her polished arm.

I beg it to be understood that this was not a mere *tete-a-tete* conversation; Sir James Grumbleton, of Grumbleton-hall, Hampshire, Lady Emily's uncle, was present, and listened with much interest to the dialogue between the two fools of fashion, to whom he had the honor of being so nearly related. He was a rosy, good tempered looking country gentleman; but an expression of quiet yet sarcastic humor occasionally curled his firm set lips, and deepened the apple bloom on his healthful cheek; he wore a yellow bob-wig, and to add to his niece's mortification, a blue spencer that just reached to the flapping pockets of his large body coat.

He saw the thunder cloud gathering over lord Morton's white forehead, and waited quietly, as wise men always do, for its burst; he knew that the Catalani question of come or not to come to the concert, which in newspaper *parlance* 'was expected to out rival every thing that had been given during the season,' had been before debated in the honorable house; and his old bachelor feelings were anxious to mark the result of the struggle.

'Emily, you would ruin the bank of England. Any thing—any thing in reason; but it is impossible to meet your extravagance. I do not wish to thwart you, but your horrible foreign squallers—your opera box—your concerts—your dresses—your jewels—your —'

'Stop, stop, my lord,' interrupted the lady, 'your race horses—your hunters—your hounds—your clubs—your curricles—and I believe,' she continued, sarcastically, 'I may add, your *rouge et noir*—your *vingt-un*—is not likely to add to your rent roll.'

'Very well, madam, go on—go on; but let me tell you, this is not the mode by which you will obtain your own way. Pray, madam, be so kind as to inform me who was so very communi-

cative as to my proceedings?—but you need not trouble yourself, you need not; you are an ungrateful woman; ay, you may smile, madam—smile on, but it won't do, you may depend on't.'

'But it will do, though,' said sir James Grumbleton, coming forward, his hands crossed behind, and his face exhibiting all the tokens of bitter feeling; 'I say it will do—you are both doing as others of the precious set of London and Parisian fashionables do; for the follies of both are now blended in our nobility. When a fine lady is ashamed of speaking her own language, and a fine gentleman will not wear good home-made woollen, I repeat, it will do.'

Both looked with astonishment at the old gentleman.

'You cannot surely, sir, mean that your niece's extravagance is pardonable?'

'Dear uncle, you cannot mean to call my little expenses improper, or to approve the thousands he spends in his odious gamblings?'

'You are "*doing as others do*"—you are spending your money upon those who will call you extravagant fools when you can spend no longer?'

'Exactly what I tell his lordship!' said lady Emily.

'Exactly what I have told her ladyship a thousand times!' echoed the husband.

'What I say to one, I say to the other,' continued the old gentleman, 'you are both wrong—you are both extravagant—and you must both alter; "*doing as others do*," must end in ruin, because *your* world consists of those who are more rich and powerful than yourselves.'

'If you would sell your racers,' said lady Emily.

'If you would give up your opera box,' said my lord.

'If you would forswear gambling.'

'If you would stay at home.'

'Impossible!' ejaculated the lady.

'Out of the question!' exclaimed the gentleman.

'The world would say we were ruined,' said both together.

'The world would say the truth, then, I believe, for once,' muttered the old gentleman as he left the room; and the young couple, each annoyed because he had found fault with both, agreed in pronouncing him vastly disagreeable and absurd.

Time passes over the world and it grows old,

and over the heads of fools, but they never grow wise.

'About twenty years after the above smart debate, which was, alas! followed by too many others of a similar character, and with a like result,—sir James Grumbleton, wig, spencer, and all,—was one fine spring evening, seated in his great cushion chair at the window of an elegant conservatory, which opened on a bright green lawn. The sun was sinking with calm dignity, and shedding his last rays over tower and tree—ay, and like the Almighty Spirit of which he is so beautiful an emblem, over every little bud and flower that gemmed the hill side; the baronet was still a bachelor, and a very old one too, yet around him there was much that told of woman's care and woman's tenderness. I always speak with due reverence of the lords of the creation—great, mighty and magnificent, they are most certainly, but unless they are a good deal in female society, and that, too, of the best kind, they grow somehow or other very *bearish*; I beg of them not to be offended at the word, but I cannot find either an English or a French one to express my precise meaning; however, all my lady readers will understand me. A certain something in their habits and manners makes its appearance if they pass thirty in what they sarcastically call '*single blessedness*.' If they present you with refreshments, they look as if they thought it a trouble; you must *tell* them to ring the bell; they are slow at removing their hats—soil your carpet with dirty boots—and even put their feet on the fender. If you sing they are the first to talk, and whatever you say, they love to contradict. They call politeness, hypocrisy—and dignify rudeness by the appellation of sincerity. From such old bachelors, good fortune shield me!—they are the very brambles of society. There are some exceptions, however; Sir James did not appear to be one of this class; if there had been bitterness, it was past, and the lip appeared to have forgotten its scornful curl; there was a harp near his chair, some loose music, a portfolio, and a drawing stand; a little white spaniel nestled close to his footstool, and a small bouquet of rare flowers refreshed the old gentleman by their perfume. After calmly gazing upon the departing sun, he rang a little silver bell, and almost on the instant a young girl of mild and tranquil beauty was at his side; she was, indeed, lovely to look upon, particularly to those who prize the gentle light of a soft blue

eye, which so truly tells of constancy and tenderness ; her figure was pliant as a willow wand, her silken silvery hair curled around her white and slender throat, and imparted warmth and beauty to her delicate cheek ; there was a dove-like simplicity in her whole deportment, and purity sat upon her brow.

'My own Emily,' said the old gentleman, 'did you think my summons long delayed, or did it come too soon ?'

'I was with my brother and——and his friend, sir ; your summons to me is always happiness.'

'Thank you, my own girl, thanks ; I wanted to speak, Emma, on a matter of much moment to you, and to me also, because I love you—bless you, child, can't you stand still, and let the dog alone ?—don't fidget so—there's a color !—Why you little violet, you surely have not been deceiving me, and known all about it before I thought proper to tell you ?—No answer ?'

'No, sir—yes, sir—I don't know, sir.'

'No, sir—yes, sir—I don't know, sir !—Emily, you never told me a falsehood—do not begin now to "*do as others do*," and deceive your old guardian.'

'Deceive you, mine own uncle, my more than father ! Why, O why should you suspect me ?' and tears filled her eyes as her blushes deepened.

'No, Emmy, no love, I believe you have not ; but, hang it, all women have a kind of second sight in love matters—I dare say, now you have a kind of a sort of an idea that *your brother's friend*, as you call him, has an affection for you—eh, Emmy ?'

'I hope—I hardly know, sir—'

'Honor bright, young lady. In the greenhouse, when I saw him pulling some of my finest exotics, what said he to you then ?'

'He was only forming and explaining an oriental letter—love letter, sir,' replied the maiden, at the same time hiding her face in the damask pillow of her uncle's chair.

'But where are the flowers ?—you did not throw them away !'

'Oh, no, no, no, how could I, uncle ? they were so beautiful ! Shall I fetch them ? they are in the alabaster vase you gave me, and that I love so dearly.'

The old man smiled, shook his head, moved his foot ; and the young girl seated herself on the little Ottoman ; he laid his hand on her glossy hair, and replied—'Mind not the flowers

now, love, but attend to the wisdom which seventy years and more have taught to one who has not been a listless observer of passing events. I remember well when my sister, your grandmother, married. She was very young, and very beautiful—perhaps more majestic than beautiful. She was ambitious, and married for gold and rank. She never complained of unhappiness ; but I saw it in her altered eye, heard it in her altered voice, and both blamed and pitied. At that time I had my own trials too ; but buried loves are like faded flowers—only interesting to those who treasure them as memorials of by-gone days. Your mother, Emily, was gifted with an angel's form ; but her mind remained uncultivated, while accomplishments were heaped upon her without taste or judgment. She, too, was sacrificed upon the same shrine ; but she wanted her mother's strength of mind. Her husband had but one maxim in common with herself—"*To do as others do* ;"—how I do *hate* that little sentence !' continued the old man, with strong acrimony and emotion ; 'it has caused,' he continued, 'the ruin of thousands. At that time our princes were jockeys, and Lord Morton, whose head was never cool, had the honor of losing thousands to the highest in the land—he did as others did ; and in three years,—poor fellow !—he died of a broken heart, and almost a beggar. Your mother, from following the same plan, assisted in the destruction of their ample fortune. No parties were so gay—no woman so much admired, or consequently so much flattered, as Lady Emily Morton ; but the fashionables, true to their maxim also, did as others did, left the ruined widow to her solitude ; and her creditors, who also pursued the same plan, seized upon every thing, even the couch on which she lay, with you, a new born infant, on her bosom. Her parents were dead, and she was too proud to accept assistance ; though, to confess the truth, I believe she was not much troubled by the benevolent feelings of others. She had always plagued me sadly, laughed at my failings, and ridiculed my peculiarities ; but an English heart beat in my bosom, and I went up to town determined to bring her and hers to my house. I shall never forget it ; your brother was sent home from the fashionable school to which he had been consigned, and with the thoughtlessness of childhood, was playing about the room, gay and cheerful as a mountain lark. She was laying on an old sofa, and her pale

cheek and sunken eye spoke of the end of mortal suffering ; her spirits were gone, her heart was indeed broken. She withdrew the shawl that covered you, and my heart yearned towards you, Emily, as if you had been mine own—in a very unbachelor like way I stooped to kiss you. ‘Save them, [make them unlike their parents,’ exclaimed your poor mother, as she endeavored to raise you to me :—that effort was her last ; she fell back and expired.’

Emily sobbed bitterly ; and, truth to say, the old gentleman let fall—no, not fall, for he prevented it—but tears certainly escaped from his eyes.

‘My own dear child,’ continued he, ‘it is not to pain you that I speak thus, but to warn you against the remotest danger of “doing as others do.” It was a troublesome legacy, though, to an old fellow like me—a romping boy and a squalling baby ; but I bless God for it now : it saved me from the selfishness of old age, gave me something to love and to think of besides gout and lumbago. Your brother, I trust, will be an ornament to human nature, for he does *not* do as others do. He has travelled to gain information, not *eclat* ; he has entered the sacred profession, *not* because his uncle has a rich living in his gift, but because his mind is imbued with gospel truth, and he is anxious to do good ; he has chosen his friend, not because of his rank or talent, although he is distinguished by both, but because he is a CHRISTIAN—and consequently must be a good son, a kind landlord, a firm friend, and in due time, an affectionate husband. I suspect the oriental flowers, Emmy, have spoken of love : and so would I have it, girl ;—*he* is one who will never follow the opinion of fools ; and to you, dearest, he will be a safe guiding star, protecting you ‘through the thorny path of the dangerous world’ upon which you soon must enter ; for you cannot be always an old man’s darling. And now, child, you may fetch the flowers ; they told your secret ;—they were dear, and you put them in the vase you loved so dearly. Yes, yes, I can remember,—bless, bless you, my own child !’ continued the venerable man, folding his arms affectionately round his adopted, ‘thank God, though I am an old bachelor, I have trained up two creatures for immortality, who will not “DO AS OTHERS DO.”’

‘FOLLOW not a multitude to do evil.’

STANZAS.

Original.

He was a wild and giddy boy,
Who strangely thought it bliss to roam
Far from the steady light, the joy,
That dwells within a parent’s home.
But fortune, friends, and health were gone,
Then did he to his home return.

O mother ! as the timid dove
Flies to the covert of her nest,
Thy son hath come, to greet thy love,
And lean his head upon thy breast,
That he might look up in thy face,
And feel, ere death, thy warm embrace.

And thus it is—when friendship’s smile,
And fortune’s sun, no longer shine,
Man finds how many hearts of guile
Were gathered round the worldly shrine,
And hastens back, with soul subdued,
To her whose love ne’er knew a cloud.

EMMA.

Charlestown.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A BETROTHMENT ?

WHAT is the nature of a betrothment ? And what are the circumstances which render it null and void ?

1. I remark that a matrimonial engagement does not consist in any of the civilities and courtesies of life which a gentleman may extend to a lady.

It is not unfrequently the case, however, that these are mistaken for declarations of love, and the announcement is made at once that such persons are engaged. Such is the imprudence of friends often, and more frequently of the lady herself, that the common politeness and attention, which are ever due between the sexes, are construed into proposals for matrimony, and a young gentleman hears the report of his engagement while as yet not even a dream of the thing has passed through his own mind. By such imprudence the lady severs herself from the society, perhaps, of an honorable and polished mind, and brings upon herself and friends, the mortification and disappointment which will inevitably follow in such cases. If a gentleman attend a lady to church ; if he walk with her in the street ; if he occasionally visit her for the sake of her good society, the report is not unfrequently set on foot, by some mischief maker, or indiscreet

friend, that the parties are engaged to be married.

2. Neither does an engagement consist in any politeness, or social intercourse, which a lady may extend to a gentleman.

There are young gentlemen, however, of such consummate vanity, as to suppose that such treatment is nothing less than the strongest intimation of personal attachment. If a lady so much as look at them, they fancy that it must be a love affair, and equivalent to the most direct proposals for matrimony. A smile, a compliment, a social interview, a walk or ride of pleasure, is set down by such conceited coxcombs, as the most unequivocal declaration of love. They tell of the conquests they have made, with an air of triumph, and never know their mistake till they learn it in that reserve and neglect which their conduct so richly deserves.

3. Neither does an engagement consist in any of those preliminary steps, which are so important, in order to a just estimate of the character and qualifications of the person with whom you would be united for life.

Many persons, however, imagine that every such step is a committal. While the individual is only forming that wise estimate, and making those judicious investigations, which every one is bound to make in this affair by a regard to his own happiness—and that of others—he is considered as fairly committed, without the possibility of honorable retreat. But this is all wrong, whether it be the sentiment of individuals or public sentiment. The very object of his researches is to ascertain if the character and qualifications of the person are such as will make him a happy companion for life. Without such investigation he might as well commit his interest, in this manner, to a lady whom he had never beheld. He might as well be betrothed as heathen children by their parents, without his consent or knowledge, and while yet in a state of infancy. He might as well blindfold himself, and rush into a great assembly, and select a companion at random. Parents must suppose their daughters are little else than angels, if they expect to betroth them in this manner. And if young ladies are so superficial in character and accomplishments, as not to admit of such honorable and wise scrutiny, they had better give up the idea of marriage life, and become nuns at once. Such should be the sentiments on this subject, that every young gentleman should feel

himself at liberty to make every necessary investigation of character, without subjecting himself to the report of being engaged, or of other than honorable intentions, if disappointed he sees fit to retire.

4. Neither does an engagement consist in the most unqualified declaration of love on the part of either the gentleman or lady. This may all be, yet no obligations are assumed, no contract is formed. And yet there are those who suppose that declarations of attachment impose an obligation on their friend, which cannot be resisted or violated. The gentleman whose province it always is first to make such disclosures, considers that when he has done this, he has secured by right his object. But not so. The lady may be wholly unprepared for such an event. Such a disclosure may be made before she has made the necessary inquiries and investigations herself. Such a declaration may be made when she had no suspicion of any attachment existing, and whilst her own engagements and circumstances do not admit of her entertaining such proposals for a moment. It is true, such a disclosure on the part of a gentleman, imposes certain duties on the female. If her circumstances are such as render an engagement impossible, she is bound by every principle to acquaint him immediately with the fact, and keep the transaction a secret. If her circumstances are such as to render it proper for her to enter into a matrimonial engagement, it is proper then, that she make his proposals a matter of immediate and serious consideration. If she is satisfied with his character, and entertains such an affection for him as will render a union with him happy, she has nothing left to do but to make known to him, in a modest and affectionate manner, her acceptance of his proposals. But, if, after due consideration and inquiry and deliberation, she is conducted to a contrary conclusion, she should lose no time in informing him of the fact, in a way least likely to wound his sensibilities, or mortify his pride. She will consider it too, both a dictate of modesty and prudence and honor, to disclose the circumstance to no living being.

5. A matrimonial engagement then, is when the parties, having made mutual disclosures of affection for each other in view of such disclosures, bind themselves by promises to become each other's wedded companion for life. There must be a contract formed, in which the parties pledge themselves to each other for life, or there

can be no matrimonial engagement. Nothing short of this can be accounted a betrothment, and nothing more is necessary to its perfection.

JUSTIFICATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY REV. THOMAS JONES.

Original.

ROM. iii. 24: 'Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.'

THUS exulted the apostle Paul in the theme of free grace of which he was made a partaker. In this text I shall notice the following particulars.

First. Justification.

Secondly. The same as justification, God's free grace.

Thirdly. The means of its manifestation,—The redemption in Christ Jesus.

First. Justification is a law term borrowed from the forum, to convey a familiar idea of man's acceptance with his Maker, brought to light in Jesus Christ raised from the dead and glorified. But the word justify, or justification, as used by Paul, cannot be understood altogether in the same way as used in a court of law, for to justify in a court of law intends to acquit a person from charge of transgression, by finding him not guilty. But the apostle Paul supposes those who are justified, to have been guilty of sin. Hear him—Rom. v. 15. 16–18: 'But not as is the offence so also is the free gift; for if through the offence of one many be dead; much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many. And not as it was by one that sinned so is the gift: for the judgment was by one to condemnation, but the free gift is of many offences unto justification.' The former was a natural consequence by legal arrangement, but the latter is an act of God all gracious having no cause but his own will. The apostle proceeds: 'Therefore, as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto the justification of life.' And in the text the apostle saith, Being justified freely by his grace, &c.

Let us inquire what idea the text conveys by being justified by grace.

Not our being acquitted from the charge of sin as not guilty of transgression. But the apos-

tle appears to intend our being acquitted, by the declaration of the gospel, from the state of mortality where sin existed—yea, acquitted by the manifestation of grace made in Christ. The resurrection of Christ was the exhibition of man's deliverance from the bondage of corruption, and of his translation into the incorruptible state. It was man's acquittance and manumission signed by Jehovah—his pledge of deliverance from the bondage of corruption, and of his right to immortality as joint heir with Christ. It is in this view of eternal salvation, we are said to be justified freely by the grace of God through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

Grace—Jehovah's spontaneous favor towards his offspring, was *manifested* in the redemption which appeared in Christ Jesus, even in his life, death, and resurrection.

Faith in us has no more agency in effecting our justification, than our eyes have in forming the objects we see. Faith in us only apprehends the redemption in Christ Jesus, yea, and by the sight imbibes hope, and joy, and peace. Hence all who believe are said to be justified by faith without the deeds of the law.

Secondly. I am to speak of grace as the source of justification.

Grace, or the free favor of God, assigned the heavenly state for mankind his offspring as a last portion, in his own purpose, before he made them. This was the grace 'given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.' So that in Christ, life and immortality were always hid for us, and are now brought to light for us in him as Lord of all. The book of nature—'Elder Scripture' writ by God's own hand, declares God to be good to all. Not indeed now conveying to man the highest state of the perfection of bliss, not shutting out suffering and misery from his feelings at present, for man is 'born to trouble;' nevertheless, in this mixed state God is good and kind to man, bearing him up under his trials, and giving him, by his wise arrangements, daily alleviations under his sufferings. And we are compelled to conclude, from the manifestation of the divine nature, made in the book of nature, and especially in the book of revelation, that his making man at first subject to the vanity of decay and death in the flesh, was not intended as an evil to man, but as a process to a higher condition in life eternal. For 'God is love.' Nor can we say the present suffering state of man was forced upon God, and that he had no alter-

native but to adopt it. For he had all power in his hands at the period of creation, and could have made man immortal at first, if he had been so pleased. It was not for want of favor for him that he did not. The wonderful act of creation had some cause in God whence it sprung. It was his will—'the good pleasure of his will.' Hence we read: 'Thou, O Lord, hast made all things, for thy pleasure they are and were created.'

Here a question may be asked, Why did God create? We presume to answer, Not to support himself, for he existed before he created, and of course independent of the things created. Not for his own profit, for 'he receiveth not any thing, but giveth to all life, and breath, and all things.' Then he made man to bestow upon him happiness. 'To glorify God, and enjoy him forever.' Is it possible to glorify God without enjoying happiness in him? We answer, No. And if any one say yea, it becomes him to show how those who are not happy, can glorify God.

If God be self happy, as self existent, and self supported, and is infinite in wisdom and power, he can have no inducement to be malignant. And being infinite in wisdom and power, he must be always love to all his offspring. For when God created, moved to the act by his own goodness or love, his infinite prescience informed him of all to come. So he could not be disappointed by any thing that happened through man. And as God was not (at first) malignant, nor lacking in wisdom and power, he must be now, as he was at the period of creation, even good and loving to all he made, because unchangeable. So I argue, that as at the period of creation nothing existed but God, he had nothing to make him malignant, and having perfect prescience of all the future, he cannot become malignant. Hence our conclusion is, that God is naturally good, and incapable of malignancy. And this natural goodness in God is the source from whence sprang the purpose of our eternal life. It is grace in God existing by the influence of his own nature as love.

When, therefore, we read of the wrath of God, or of his anger, or vengeance, in the holy scriptures, we must understand all such expressions in conformity to the general doctrine of God's natural goodness and immutability, expressing only his change of conduct towards a people or individual as perverse, for their chastisement in

righteousness, for their moral good. For God loveth whom he chasteneth, and receiveth whom he scourgeth. The most bitter chastisements, and his most ponderous punishments, issue not from malignancy in God, but from his parental love.

Thirdly. I am to speak of the means of the manifestation of the grace of God—even the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

It should be borne in mind, that the redemption in Christ Jesus, is no cause of the grace of God toward men, but the device or plan of that grace for its manifestation to men. The grace was first and independent of that redemption, and ordained the redemption as the medium of its operation. The death and resurrection of Christ constitute the redemption in him, as hereby God manifested his grace to men. As we read that God delivered up his son to die for our offences, and that he was raised again for our justification.

We have seen already, that God from eternity willed our exaltation to the heavenly state, as the chief end of our being. And this his eternal purpose is now manifest in the redemption in Christ. Hereby the free gift is come upon all men unto the justification of life. The free gift is eternal or endless life. And this gift is come upon all men by the dispensation of the gospel. The gift is proclaimed as a fact by the gospel preached to every creature under heaven, and hereby is come (as by open dispensation) upon all men. The redemption in Christ Jesus applies to his state as alive from the dead and in heaven for us, having entered into his glory. Hence we read the following wonderful language. 'In that he died, he died unto sin once, but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God, death hath no more dominion over him.' 'Reckon ye, therefore, yourselves also dead unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Rom. vi. 10. 11. And thus the apostle Paul said he lived in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God. Apprehending him and the eternal life in him, for which we are apprehended and appointed of God. Jesus Christ accused the scribes of taking away the keys of knowledge, of hindering men entering into the kingdom of heaven opened by the gospel upon earth. We read also that the house of Israel who sought after righteousness found it not, because they sought not by faith, but by the works of the law. They stumbled at Christ. And are not many sincere pro-

fessors of Christianity now seeking an assurance of eternal life at last, by some spiritual work wrought in them? Do they not entertain hope of eternal felicity upon the ground of such a work wrought in them, and not upon the ground of the redemption in Christ Jesus?

That the state of man is such by nature as mortal—as of the earth, earthy, that he will need a physical change from corruptible to incorruptible, from mortal to immortal, to inherit eternal life in the celestial world, we believe. As saith the apostle, 'Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.' 1 Cor. xv. 54. But this change is not wrought in this life, but in the life of the world to come.

We would not wish to be misunderstood. We admit of a moral change in this world where necessary. For such a moral change in men the scripture calls, wherever found necessary; saying, 'Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the ungodly man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Such a moral change would be useful to the man himself, and to all concerned with him. How mortifying it must be to every sane man upon reflection, to think he has not governed himself to his own best advantage.

We also admit of a moral illumination of mind by information, that it may be gradual or sudden, as circumstances in providence may concur. But such an illumination is not a change from corruptible to incorruptible. Nor do we look upon it as a ground upon which we may encourage hope for eternal life. For such hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, entering within the vail, by the Forerunner only—by the redemption in Christ Jesus.

Indeed, if we believed the redemption to be for a part of mankind only, chosen out of the rest by sovereign grace, while the others were left to perish in their sins, to glorify the holiness of God by suffering punishment, in such a case of belief, we should need a criterion or mark by which we might determine that we are not reprobate. But as we believe the redemption in Christ Jesus to be for all, we need no such criterion. We view it as common and universal as the air and light, and equally as much for all mankind. Or if we thought that Christ had by the will of God, by his obedience and sufferings, made it possible for all men to be eternally sav-

ed, upon condition of their faith and repentance, performed by them as moral agents, or else wrought by God in them, in order to their eternal happiness, we should equally need some mark to distinguish ourselves by, as having the conditions of eternal life in our possession. But now believing as we do in God as infinitely good from his own nature, that he resolved and created man by his power, being moved thereto by his own internal goodness, having then in design to bless all our race with heavenly and eternal life, believing this, we want no other sign from heaven but that given in the Son of man. We receive the record that God hath given unto us eternal life in his Son, and that it resides in him, to be communicated by him to us, in due time. So is our faith grounded upon the redemption in Christ Jesus, and not upon any work wrought in us, or done by us.

The Gentile pagans sought by sacrifices to appease their angry gods, and to keep them benevolent by costly rites and ceremonies; but the christian religion reveals to us the one eternal God naturally benevolent. Jesus Christ his Son—the brightness of his glory—full of grace and truth, he hath revealed God to be love. And he (as the manifestation of God) is our peace. By him we have the answer of a good conscience towards God, in reference to eternity. We have boldness to enter the holiest only by the blood of Jesus. But this sure hope of life eternal, doth not exempt us from the censure of our hearts for our faults, nor from the chastenings of God when we deviate from the path of rectitude. And hereby we are admonished to 'walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.'

The first witnesses for Christ suffered great persecution, but we in this land are delivered from such trouble. We have found a place in the wilderness free from the jurisdiction of the dragon. And thanks be to God, the time is coming when the whole earth shall be filled with his glory.

By way of conclusion I observe, we have found the source of salvation or eternal life for all mankind. It proceeds from the good will of God. And we have also found, that the redemption of his Son from death, and his personal resurrection and exaltation to eternal life no more to die—his heavenly and immortal life, is our pledge of immortality and glory. And upon this foundation, which cannot be moved, a duty devolves upon all believers, which we are called to

perform from pure principles. It is to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live righteously, and soberly, and godly, in the present world.

And here sympathy is called in as exposition of our duty to others. For our Lord commands, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'

Our religion allows us to defend ourselves, as nations or as individuals, against the sons of violence, but teaches us, as much as is possible, to live in peace with all men. And upon the principle of universal good will, we are called to practise mercy, truth and justice towards all. If we believe God to be infinitely and universally good, shall we not be above the power of temptation to practise evil?

May we all apprehend that for which we are apprehended of God in Christ Jesus, and be disposed to walk worthy his gospel.

FOREST WORSHIP.

Original.

Go to the forest shades,
When autumn lingers there;
And where the wild-flower fades,
Lift up the voice of prayer.
There's in the falling leaf,
A low and warning sound,
That wakes the heart to grief,
And draws sad thoughts around.

The desolating smile,
That lights the gorgeous grove,
And fills the soul meanwhile,
With mingled grief and love—
Hath in its wasting power,
A mournful tale of death;
And the lone gentian flower
Breathes up a withering breath.

The high arcade is hung
With radiant festoons;
And every bough is strung
With autumn's brightest boons;
But ask the alchymist,
What these gay hues bespeak;—
'Wouldst see their fate exprest?
Look at the hectic cheek!

Look at the hectic cheek,
Look at the bright, bright eye!
What fate do these bespeak?
To fade and waste and die.

So fades the gentle flower—
So waste the golden leaves;
And each receding hour,
A perish'd wreath receives.'

Then lift the voice of prayer,
And let the tear steal forth;
No earthly sounds are there—
No desecrating mirth.
Up from the withering sod,
To the bright heaven above,
The soul can vow to God,
Its fealty of love.

S. C. E.

Oct. 14.

THE BELOVED ONE.

Original.

'The Indian terms Deity "the Beloved One." He says that, in mountain waves, by the fall of the waters, in the clouds and storms, and in the stillness and silence of the sky, he makes his Being felt.'

How beautiful and yet how true is this sentence. It seems the untaught testimony of nature, gushing spontaneously from a heart laden with a sense of the boundless beneficence of the common Creator. 'The Beloved One!' The Beloved, indeed, is he, of every mind capable of realizing and appreciating the evidences of his impartial goodness, scattered around in endless profusion. Who that meditates upon the wonderful construction of his own frame, its adaptation to every condition and circumstance of life, and its numerous means of conferring enjoyment—who that banquets upon the rich productions of earth, springing up in rich abundance, for the gratification of every taste and every appetite—who that looks into the mysterious yet perfect operation of nature's laws, and perceives that every movement, every principle, power, ingredient and particle, is designed exclusively to minister to the enjoyment of sentient beings—can fail to love and adore the Being who thus speaks his kindness through the works of his hands. As the sea reflects the rays of the sun, so does the face of universal nature reflect the benevolence of God. And the untutored son of the wilderness finds himself surrounded by the testimonials of his goodness. The bounding game of the forest—the feathered flock which float upon the mirrored surface of the mountain lake—the countless tribes that sport in the winding rivulet or the vast expanse of ocean—the

green foliage of his forest home, the morning song of the wild-bird which awakes him from his leafy couch, and the sonorous hum of the waterfall which lulls him to the repose of night—all, all are evidences, that come home with power to his unbiassed heart, convincing him, that He who, unsolicited, provided these lavish blessings, should become 'the Beloved One' of his creatures. And encouraged by these indications of the kindness of the God of nature, he is led to hope for a renewal of this goodness in another world :

And 'simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humble heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No FIENDS TORTURE, no christians thirst for gold.'

'He made his Being felt !' How are we made sensible of his being ? By pain and wretchedness ? Ah, no ! but by the enjoyment of happiness. We are satisfied that the evil which we here endure, is either caused by an abuse of the powers bestowed upon us for a good purpose, or is necessarily incident to this brief and imperfect state of existence. But every feeling of happiness which we enjoy, we must be equally sensible flows from sources far beyond our reach, and provided alone by the goodness of our Maker. And all our emotions of pleasure, indicate not only the existence of Deity, but the superabounding nature of his love. 'Over inaccessible mountains, over deserts untrodden by the foot of man, even over the unknown confines of the immeasurable ocean, moves the love of the Eternal—and every atom to which he has given existence and life, finds favor in his sight.' 'He makes his being felt,' in the vivifying beams of the King of Light, in the refreshing vigor of the falling rains, and the sweet distilling dews of evening. 'He makes his being felt,' in the enamelled carpet with which the earth is enfolded—in the waving forest, the bubbling fountain, and the roaring cataract. As we gaze upon 'the o'er arching heavens,' studded with the glittering hosts of boundless space, marshalled in perfection's order, weaving their eternal circles in the palm of the Omnipotent Hand—as we look upon the variegated landscape of hill and dale, mountain and valley, which is everywhere spread out over this fair world, to please the eye—as we listen to the hum of insects, the songs of

birds, the ripple of the rushing rivulet, the surge of ocean's dying wave, and all the countless and commingled melodies of earth—as we are fanned by the gentle zephyr, and inhale the perfume of flowers, and the sweet breath of nature—we feel, in our every intelligent capacity, we *feel* the being of a God of goodness ! And it would seem as to the prophet, that 'the mountains and hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.' Let enlightened man throw off the shackles of creeds, the chains and fetters of superstition, and go out to the study of nature, and he will hear her ten thousand voices uniting with the clear tone of revelation, in declaring that 'the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.'

Reader, let us not permit these lessons of nature, these testimonies of the parental love of our Maker, fall upon our hearts as upon a barren soil. But let us allow them to awaken within us a corresponding feeling of filial respect and gratitude toward the Author of our existence—a feeling to be exhibited not so much in empty professions, as in a practical devotion to the service of our Maker—a cheerful and strict obedience to his parental requirements.

The Deity is a vast fountain running over in rivers of communicated joys. Man is the participant of these blessings. He who can bask in the sunshine of heaven's bounties—he who can luxuriate in the numerous enjoyments of life—and yet forget the Hand which feeds him—forget the goodness and mercy which sustain him—must be dead to every generous susceptibility, to every emotion worthy the character of man, and should be awakened by the inflictions of justice to a proper sense of his dependance. And he, who, amid the abounding, enduring, speaking manifestations of God's impartial love, which present themselves in every step of earthly life, can still persist in declaring that he is treasuring up interminable evil against the frail and erring children of his own creation, is ungratefully shutting his eyes to the truth, and must needs 'be born again,' before he can become a meet inheritor of the salvation and the hopes of the gospel. Let such individuals banish from their bosoms the promptings of pride and self righteousness ; let them believe the teachings of nature, of revelation, and reason, and the light of truth will break in upon their minds. They will then perceive, that Jehovah loves too well his

intelligent children, to allow even one to remain in everlasting sin and rebellion, but will finally bring them all to repentance, purity and happiness. And then they will perceive the propriety and beauty of the Indian's expression, that Deity is 'The Beloved One.'

J. M. A.

Danvers, Mass.

MOSES AND THE LAMB.

Original.

THE scripture writers have often referred to the Jewish lawgiver, and mentioned him in such a manner as to convince us that they consider Moses a type of Christ. Moses was the chosen of God;—he was a lawgiver; a prophet; a leader; and the redeemer of all his people. And the revelator assures us that the company who had gained the final victory, sang the 'song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.'

There is one incident in the life of Moses, which, in our opinion, is typical of the Lord our Savior; and which illustrates the scriptural declaration that Christ was not only a 'light to lighten the Gentiles,' but that he was also to be the Savior of all men. The circumstance to which I allude, is the deliverance of the people Israel from the bondage in Egypt. The writer of this article has run a parallel between the condition of the Israelites while in bondage, and their deliverance by Moses, and the bondage or present servitude of the human family, and their final triumph through the blood of the Redeemer.

1. All Israel was in bondage to Pharaoh; and all men are in the bonds of iniquity, and are the servants of sin. 'Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servant ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?' Rom. vi. 16.

2. A Deliverer was appointed, for the express purpose of redeeming the children of Israel from bondage, and he was clothed with power adequate to the task he was sent to perform. So was a Savior provided to redeem all men from the dominion and power of sin; to bring back the whole family of man to purity and holiness. And to this Savior all power in heaven and in earth was confided.

An objection may be raised against this view

of the subject; it may be said that a Savior is provided, but man refuses to believe; and as men will not come to the same, but constantly reject the offers of salvation, they must perish, and the blood of Christ be shed in vain. But when Moses was called to go down to Egypt, he knew his people would reject his testimony, and call him an impostor; and on this account he wished that some one else might be chosen. When he was among them, they urged him to leave them and go his way; and when leading them to a land flowing with milk and honey, they murmured against him, and desired to be allowed to return to their bondage in Egypt. But Moses did not leave them because they rebelled; he came not only as a savior in word, but as a deliverer indeed. He came not only to make them an offer of redemption, but to redeem them effectually. And he accomplished his work, not by saving them against their wills, but by making them willing in the day of God's power, notwithstanding the malice and wrath of Pharaoh, and the hardness of heart and blindness of mind of his brethren. So the unbelief of man may for a season shut him out from the light and enjoyment of the gospel; but the Savior will bring all men to the truth; he will open their eyes, he will bring them all to endless happiness by making them holy; for the Bible assures us, that Christ shall see his work accomplished, and shall be satisfied.

3. The deliverance effected by Moses, was complete and universal; not one being was left in bondage, not one soul was left behind. So will the result of Christ's death be as effectual, and all who have borne the image of the earthy, shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

4. The Israelites were not beyond the reach of Pharaoh, until they had passed the Red Sea. The opposite shore once gained, and they were safe; for the pursuing enemy would be swallowed up in the return of those waters which opened for the safety of this nation. Thus we find that none are free from the dominion of sin; all are in danger of being held in bondage: nor will our deliverance be complete, until we have passed the valley of death; the opposite shore once gained, and all are safe. There sin cannot blight, nor sorrow fade. There disappointments never come, and sickness cannot dwell, for the last enemy of man will be swallowed up in victory.

5. Though Pharaoh and his army pursued the

children of Israel, they accomplished nothing but their own destruction. So all who have claimed dominion over the human race, even sin, corruption and death, will be destroyed. For all the powers of darkness will be lost, sin will be annihilated, and the saying be fulfilled, that death is no more.

6. On the banks of the Red Sea the Israelites sung the song of freedom; the song of universal deliverance in which all could unite. So will the redeemed family of man sweep their golden harps in praise to God and the Lamb; and every creature in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, will share the triumph, rejoice in the deliverance, and form one of that happy choir who shall praise the Almighty's name, by chanting the song of Moses, closed with the song of the Lamb.

In the final triumph and universal redemption of all Israel, we are permitted to see a type of that universal deliverance of all men from sin and bondage, and by faith to view that vast assemblage of immortal and purified creatures, made the recipients of endless bliss. Let us confide in God, and believe that he who gave deliverance to Israel, will bring all his children home, and having reconciled all things to himself, will be all in all.

M. H. S.

Quincy, Mass.

A FEW STRANGE THINGS,

Original.

It is *strange*, that any christians can think that Christ came to save us from endless misery, when the Bible says nothing respecting it—but definitely asserts, that he came to save *his* people from their sins. Matt. i. 21.

It is *strange* that men can suppose that Christ is the eternal Jehovah, when Jesus ever acknowledged his dependance on a being superior to himself; to whom he prayed, and whose will he declared he came to accomplish.

It is *strange* that any biblical student can believe there is to be a judgment after the resurrection of the dead, when no mention is made of a judgment in the scriptures, in connection with the resurrection of the dead. Besides, our Lord hath said—'Now is the judgment of this world.' John xii. 31.

It is *strange* that men can believe that any one

will be tormented everlastingly beyond the grave, when the Bible plainly declares, that 'in the resurrection we shall be equal to the angels—this mortal shall put on immortality—sown in dishonor, raised in glory.' 1 Cor. xv.

It is *strange* that any one who has read the New Testament, can *think* (they do not believe it) that Christ will destroy any of the children of men, since it is revealed respecting his advent, 'He came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.'

It is *strange* that intelligent people can believe that the punishment named in Matt. xxv. last verse, is to be endured, in the future world, mainly because it is called *everlasting*, when the same word is applied to things which *begun*, and *ended* in this life. All these things appear surprisingly strange to many, besides

D. D. S.

Portland, Me.

NOTICES. 'THE HOE, designed to uproot the "Bramble" of John Gregory, Woburn, Mass. By an Abstinence Man.'

This is the title of an answer to Mr. Gregory's publication, now in press, but will be published ere the distribution of this month's papers. We have not seen the 'Hoe,' but understand that it is a sharp instrument, well bent to the work.

BOSTON. We have long thought it strange, that in the city of Boston, where there are five Universalist Societies, we do not have above 150 subscribers! Have we not friends enough in the city of our birth and boyhood, to interest themselves a little in our behalf? Why will not some of our young friends take the matter in hand, and see what they can do for us, that we may no longer say, distant places give us more encouragement than the city whose honored name is borne upon our pages' front.

TEXAS. A view of the Texan Revolution, an account of the principal battles, and geographical, historical, and other important information. By Dr. Joseph Field, one of the few survivors of Fanning's command. Boston. Abel Tompkins, 32, Cornhill, 1836.

We recommend this work to those who are desirous of gaining information in reference to the features of Texas, and the revolution that has made that country for a long time the scene of war and bloodshed. The work is a pamphlet of 48 pages, and afforded at 12 1-2 cts. single.

NOTICES.

NEW BOOK OF PSALMODY 'Songs of Zion: or the Cambridge Collection of Sacred Music; designed for the Church, for the Social Meetings of Christians, and for Family Worship: comprising a rich variety of the most popular tunes, anthems, &c. with many pieces from various authors, never before published, written expressly for this work: arranged with a figured bass for the Organ or Piano Forte. To which is prefixed a Familiar Introduction to the Art of Singing, designed for the aid of those who are entirely unacquainted with the Science of Music; the Instructions being reduced to great plainness and simplicity.' By Thomas Whittemore.

This is the new work on Sacred Music which has been anxiously looked for by many of the sons and daughters of harmony, in our denomination. Not being acquainted with the Science of Music, we cannot speak of this work critically, but those of our friends on whose judgments in this matter we have every reason to rely, pronounce the collection to be a most excellent one, and highly recommend it to the attention of the musical public, and especially to Universalists.

The author says in reference to the book, that it 'contains upwards of 300 tunes, of a great variety of metres, which may be divided into three classes; 1st. A small and choice selection from the best of the old American authors. 2d. A selection from the European tunes which have become popular in this country; and 3d. A large variety of original tunes, which have never appeared in any work, and which cannot appear in any other than this. In addition to these, there are upwards of 100 pages of Anthems,' which embrace 'select pieces for almost every occasion.'

The work is well printed, durably bound in a neat style, and sold at \$1 single; \$10 per dozen to societies. Orders for the same will be received at this office; and we hope that those who are in want of a collection of sacred music, fitted for the church, the social meeting, and the domestic fireside, will embrace the present opportunity to furnish themselves with Br. Whittemore's, as one every way worthy their acceptance.

'THE BRAMBLE. An Expose of Temperance Societies, formed on the plan of Total Abstinence. By John Gregory, Woburn, Mass.'

In the work of criticism our motto has ever been—'Willing to praise, but not afraid to blame.' It gives us pleasure whenever we have an opportunity to commend a work which we think will do good; and it grieves us at any time to censure or condemn any production; but there are unpleasant, as well as pleasant duties, which must be performed; and though our words may grate harshly on the ears of the author of 'The Bramble,' yet we shall speak as our judgment dictates, and our conscience approves.

The speech of the Bramble in the parable of Jotham, (see Judges ix) is applied by the author of the pamphlet before us, to Temperance Societies; and to those 'who are employed in promoting abstinence measures,' he says: 'Your measures are corrupt, your policy bad, and your zeal without knowledge.' As we are engaged in the employment referred to, the *compliment* is intended for us as well as others, and we regard it as from one who is not very choice in his language, nor discriminating in his censures. As an instance to prove this, we quote from page 5, a short paragraph: 'No matter how corrupt people become, they may serve the devil all their days, if they will only join an abstinence society.' If this had come from some loathsome drunkard, we should have deemed it in character with his hatred of temperance; but coming from a *professed Universalist minister*, we are astonished, mortified, and ashamed of our brother, and charitably believe that he wrote, as Dr. Johnson once, when he called 'all men liars'—in haste.

The author of this 'Bramble' seems to labor terribly under the weight of ill conceived fears, that all the liberties of

the people are in danger from the efforts of the friends of the temperance reformation. 'Money and office' are the only objects he will allow that the 'abstinence men' have in view—remove these, and their zeal will soon, he thinks, be gone; and with language as low, as his assertions are untrue, he charges temperance lecturers, indiscriminately, with caring not how intemperate they are in their measures, nor how many people they abuse and insult, and with ridiculing all who go not with them. Amongst the lecturers who have labored in the vicinity of Woburn, are Rev. Thomas Whittemore, Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, Rev. Mr. Young, and our most humble self; and these are amongst those whom 'John Gregory, Woburn, Mass.' in bold language declares exhibit a spirit of intolerance and malice! How kind! how brotherly! how like a candid man he speaks! Hear him—'Under the specious guise of being friends to temperance, they collect the people together, not to preach Bible temperance in all things, but the system of total abstinence. A system gendered in the distempered brain of some wild enthusiast, and recommended by the aristocracy of the age!' Thank ye! We think as much of your opinion thus expressed, as we do of the low, the unmanly, and gross personal allusion to an editorial brother, on page 13.

We pray God, most devoutly, that his outstretched arm of mercy may prevent this pamphlet from having aught of the effect desired by the author, and that he will send confusion to all schemes designed to countenance the use of distilled spirits as drinks. The notion—and it is a mere notion—advocated by the author of the 'Bramble,' is the same that has caused more misery in our world than any other evil in the whole catalogue of human ills; 'moderate drinking' is like the 'only this once' of Pharaoh, leading by slow but sure steps to the depths of degradation; he that drinks to make his heart merry, as advised by Mr. Gregory, will find that he gains, if any, mirth that in the end hath heaviness, and is sporting with an enemy that at last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

We leave the 'Bramble' after having made one more short extract to show the author's want of humanity and christian discernment—he quotes the words of Solomon: 'When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee, and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite'—and remarks: 'I would have all victims of intemperance follow this injunction; but I would not recommend abstinence men to hold the knife for them, lest they should place it too near the throat, and make bad worse!'

TO SUBSCRIBERS. The present is the sixth number for the current year. The volume is now half out, and we take the opportunity as a fair one, to respectfully request of all delinquent subscribers an early attention to our wants—moneys now due. It would astonish any one to look into our books, and see the amount of small sums due us; these are but trifles to the individuals who owe them, but the aggregate is to us a matter of serious concern. The many expenses connected with this periodical, must be defrayed; and where shall we look for 'the needful' to do this, if not to those who are indebted to us for the work? Reader! if thou owest us, do not lay this paper away from thy sight until thou hast sent to us the amount of thy bill.

The Publisher will place bills in all the papers of subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions, in hopes that his gentle hint will meet with a kind return.

Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Oct. 27.

D. F., Norridgewock, \$10; M. F., Kennebunk, \$2; A. C. L. A., Sandy Bay, \$2; C. S. H., Goffstown, \$1; A. W., West Farmlee, \$2; W. P. D., Gloucester, \$18; G. W. Q., North Yarmouth, \$8; G. U. B., North Searsmont, \$2; L. S. C., Concord, \$2; A. D., North Bennington, \$2; A. B. C., Claremont, \$2; G. M. P., Ware Village, \$2; J. & C. B., Portland, \$25; J. B., Brimfield, \$6; J. C., Anson, \$10; M. B. W., Saccarappa, \$26.

BALLOU.

COMPOSED, AND DEDICATED TO THE CHOIR OF THE SECOND UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, BOSTON,

BY J. M. WHITE.

Hy. 304. B. & T. Coll.

Far from my thoughts vain world begone, Let my re - li - gious hours a.

This musical score is for the hymn 'BALLOU'. It is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'Far from my thoughts vain world begone, Let my re - li - gious hours a.'

lone; From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold com - munion, Lord, with thee.

TUTTI.

This musical score continues the hymn 'BALLOU'. It is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'lone; From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold com - munion, Lord, with thee.' The section is marked 'TUTTI.'.

ASCRPTION CHANT.

FROM 'BONUM EST CONFITERI,' BY S. B. Emmons.

This musical score is for the 'ASCRPTION CHANT'. It is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in a common time signature (C) with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The score consists of four staves, each with a treble or bass clef and a key signature of two sharps.